



HUSTLER

volume 18 number 4

- 5 Bits & Pieces
 Jack-Off Jokers
 Edited by Chris Johns
- T 3 Feedback
 Dangerous Opinions
- 17 Hot Letters
 Inflammatory Confessions
- 21 Erotic Entertainment Skin Cinema Critiques Edited by Mal O'Ree
- 31 Brave Nude World
 Photography by Cliff Feulner
- Sex Play
 All Deposit, No Withdrawal: A Sperm Donor Gives His All
 by Chris Wall



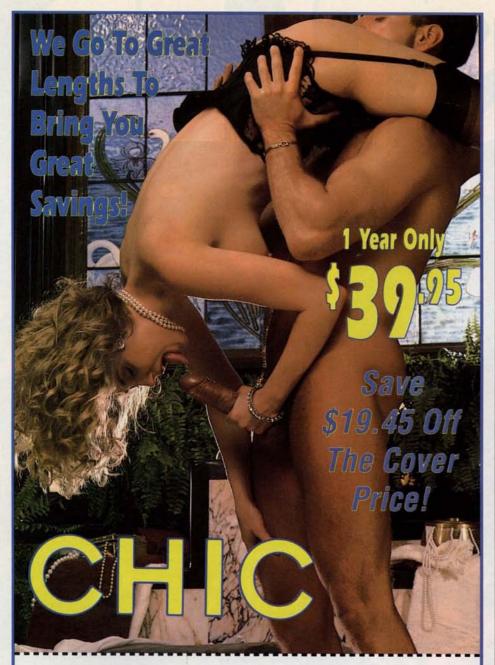


- Courtney: Foxy Lady
 Photography by Clive McLean
- 82 Maggie: Blowin' Chunks
 Centerfold Photography by Matti Klatt
- 92 HUSTLER Humor Edited by Susan Tinsley
- Slut Madonna Busts a Cherry
 Fiction by Alex Marvel
- **98** Beth and Julie: Puttin' on the Spritz Photography by Matti Klatt
- Beaver Hunt Local Lovelies



- 36 Why Can't Women Be More Like Cars?
 Rhetorical Raunch Photos
- 42 Tricia and Stavros: Stir Crazy
 Photography by Clive McLean
- 50 Two Up, Two Down: Murder in a Small Town Report by Mike Hudson
- 56 Angelica: Lap of Luxury
 Photography by Matti Klatt
- 64 Bachelor Party Strippers: Merry Mourners at the Death of Hope Ribald Revelry With Scott Schalin





CHIC, P.O. BOX 16598, N. HOLLYWOOD, CA 91615

Yes! I want a 1 year (12 issues) subscription CHIC for only \$39.95! That means I'll save over \$19 off the cover price!

ADDRESS		
CITY/STATE/ZIP		
	□PAYMENT ENCLOSED CHARGE MY □VISA □M	IC
#	Exp.	

CK ON UNUSED PORTIONS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS IF NOT SATISFIED! Foreign add \$10. Make checks payable to L.F.P. Inc. You must be 18 years of age or older to order. All magazines shipped in unmarked sealed envelopes. YOUR FIRST ISSUE WILL ARRIVE IN 6 TO 8 WEEKS. WATCH FOR IT!

OFFER EXPIRES OCTOBER 9, 1991

CLVHC

HUSTLER

LARRY FLYNT editor and publisher

ALLAN MacDONELL executive editor

JAMES BAES director of photography

RONNIE DRAMA

SUSAN TINSLEY humor and cartoon editor

CHRIS JOHNS bits & pieces contributing editor

> MAL O'REE entertainment editor

> > TIM POWER associate editor

DAVID S. MOSKOWITZ research director

BRETT WILHOIT, copy editor CATRINA MASON, BETH MORALES, editorial assistants

COMPUTER GRAPHICS

DAVID BUCHANAN, network systems manager QUITA SAXON, LARRY GANNON, assistant managers

PHOTOGRAPHY

CLIVE McLEAN, senior photographer MATTI KLATT, LADI VON JANSKY, photographers MINETTE, talent coordinator

KENNETH DeMARTINES, production designer BOBBIE KAMINSKI, photo administrator STEVE HOPKINS, studio administrator ROBERT HURWITZ, construction coordinator

PRODUCTION

GREGORY ROSATI, production coordinator BRIAN McGINNIS, production assistant TIM CONAWAY, editorial director

ADVERTISING

PAULA THORNTON, corporate advertising director, (213) 858-7100

KEN TACCONI, West Coast sales manager MARTHA REQUENA, advertising production coordinator

SUBSCRIPTIONS

IRENE GRADSTEIN, subscriptions director For customer service, call (818) 760-8983

The U.S. edition of HUSTLER (ISSN-0149-4635) is published monthly by HG Publications, Inc., 9171 Wilshirs Boulevard, Suite 300, Baverty Hills, CA 90210. Copyright © 1991. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission of the publisher. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, photos, etc., if they are to be returned, and HG Publications, Inc. assumes no responsibility or unsolicited material. Letters sent to HUSTLER will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and subject to HUSTLER right to edit and comment editorially. Any similarity between persons and places depicted in the fiction sections of this magazine and actual persons or places is purely coincidental. All photos posed by professional models except as otherwise noted. Naither said photos nor words used to describe them are meant to depict models' actual conduct, statements or personalities.

HUSTLER OCTUBER 1991 YOULINE 18 NUMBER 4

HUSTLER OCTOBER 1991 VOLUME 18 NUMBER 4

HUSTLER OCTOBER 1991 VOLUME 18 NUMBER 4
Single copy, U.S. Edition \$4.95, International Edition \$5.95 (add \$1 postage per copy), Special Edition \$5.95. One-year subscription is \$39.95. These prices represent HUSTLER's standard rate and should not be confused with special subscription offers sometimes advertised. Change of address: Six weeks advance notice, and old address as well as the new are necessary. POSTMASTER. Send change of address to HUSTLER, POSN 15568, NOrth Hollywood, CA 91615. Second-class postage paid at Beverly Hills, CA, and additional mailing offices. Printed in USA. HUSTLER is registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. The International Edition of HUSTLER is published monthly by IFZ, ITD, P.O. Box 1803, Grand Cayman, B.W.I., with permission of HG Publications, Inc.

All nude models are 18 years of age or older

Cover photo by Matti Klatt



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

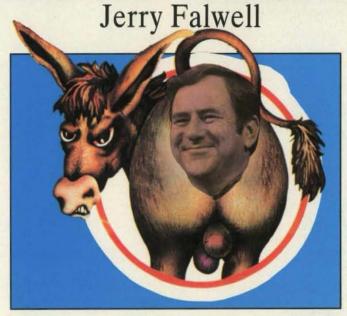
Old hemorrhoids never go away; they always flare up again, stinkier, itchier and uglier than before. Just as a pile-clogged anal ring blocks the essential passage of shit, the Reverend Jerry Falwell, TV preacher, Moral Majority shill and mega-beggar, would hinder the free flow of thought in the United States of America. For his ongoing attempts to constipate the national consciousness, Jerry Falwell is HUSTLER Magazine's Asshole of the Month for October 1991.

It is only a matter of time before God in His infinite wisdom creates a Preparation H powerful enough to shrink the inflamed, bloody gristle that is Jerry Falwell. Until then, we'll continue to stinky our fingers by shoving the sanctimonious lump of swollen rectal tissue up into the cloacal abyss out of which he periodically pops.

HUSTLER has been thumbing back Falwell over a span of three decades. In November of 1979, the 'Rhoid Reverend was awarded his first Asshole of the Month, after insinuating on the nationally broadcast Old Time Gospel Hour that the "judging hand of God" had guided the bullets that cut down Larry Flynt in Lawrenceville, Georgia, on March 6, 1978.

"I'm looked upon as a practical joker," admits Falwell in describing himself, "just constantly pulling pranks on people."

Though eagerly projecting his own prankish nature upon an Almighty Creator capable of mischievously pumping hot lead into a



magazine publisher, funny guy Falwell has a hard time taking a joke. November 1983's HUSTLER parodied a Campari liquor ad, jocosely depicting Falwell as a drunken flimflam man who'd gotten his first piece of ass off his passed-out mama in a rank outhouse. "I really felt like weeping," sniveled Falwell. "If Larry Flynt had been nearby, I might have physically reacted." Whether this physical reaction would have taken the form of shitting his pants or burying his head in the sand is unclear, but Falwell did sue.

Until the United States Supreme Court unanimously shit-canned their decision, a home-court Virginia jury, less than 100 miles from Falwell's Lynchburg headquarters, awarded the unsmiling pulpiteer \$200,000 for emotional distress caused by HUSTLER's humor. Falwell's emotional distress had not prevented him from mailing out 700,000 unauthorized reproductions of the parody in an appeal to mooch money from his flock.

Even when he strays into highpublicity politics, Falwell's focus always seems to come around to money. Holy Joe Jerry has waged sponsor boycotts against indecency on TV and AIDS awareness in magazines for young women. He's solicited petitions for the pardon of Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North—convicted of raising cash by channeling weapons to a regime of Fundamental zealots every bit as hostile to the American way of life as is Falwell himself. But sky pilot Jerry's abiding passion has been the pursuit of lucre.

The pastor's inspirational literature (as documented in *Junkmail From God*, HUSTLER, September 1987) is rife with such phrases as: "Send as generous a gift as you can," "even more if you can," "rush a gift of \$25 to me today," "send your desperately needed gift of \$100 today," "I cannot ask for less" and the irresistible "can't balance our budget unless everyone doubles their previous largest gift."

Jerry has a calling, a calling for cash. When asking for money isn't enough, the fund-raising Fundamentalist demands it. In 1989, the evangelist's 2,000 ministry employees were told to join his Thomas Road Baptist Church and tithe 10% of their wages. Compliance would be monitored by keeping track of tithing envelopes on Sunday. The alternative was loss of employment.

Saint Jerry's latest scheme is in tandem with Senator Jesse Helms (R-North Carolina). The team of Falwell and Helms, a combination every bit as savory as that of blood and urine, has attacked the National Endowment for the Arts with a direct-mail smear campaign, Included is a letter signed by Helms, though probably written by someone else. Stripped of bluster, the package asks supporters to return a "taxpayer petition of outrage," accompanied, of course, by a donation-presumably tax-deductable-to Falwell's Liberty Foundation.

Our donation? Another Asshole.

Carl Icahn: The crimes of corporate raiders remain mostly theoretical to the common man, until he steps onto a TWA flight. Icahn has turned an ailing airline into a harrowing, sadistic, aerial torture chamber. Schedule delays, service with a sneer, misrouted baggage, being bumped from a reserved flight with no compensation—all SOP. Can safety be a priority? Vows HUSTLER's Executive Editor: "If I ever wake up to find myself

on a TWA plane, I will know that I have died and

FARTS IN THE WIND

am being flown to hell. When I get there, I will strangle Carl Icahn with his own Asshole."

Senator Mitch McConnell: The Kentucky Republican introduced a bill to enable victims of sex crimes to sue the producers and sellers of sexually explicit material if the attacker claims to have been influenced by sexy media. The bill provides for damages whether or not charges have been

filed or convictions obtained. McConnell, who probably got the idea for his bill after reading Mein Kampf, is convicted as charged: an Asshole. The Detroit Pistons: Motor City's NBA Bad Boys proved that dirty losers are even worse than dirty winners. In going down to the Chicago Bulls, the Pistons looked more like an LAPD goonsquad than a basketball team. The Pistons have forfeited their championship rings for chump sphincter rings.



BEAT MEAT IN PEACE WITH HANDY DEVICES—



PORN PAGE-TURNER

An easy mouth-remote controls the pages with a flick of the tongue. Jerk off without the inconvenience of holding a magazine or even reading!

KLEENSEX TISSUES

Wipes up cum without leaving ® crusty traces.

MASTURBATION HELPER® by WANKO

When the wrist goes limp (from jerking off, not being a queer, of course), open a box of Masturbation Helper® by Wanko. The only tired muscle in a body should be the one between the legs.





GREAT FAILURES IN PORNOGRAPHY

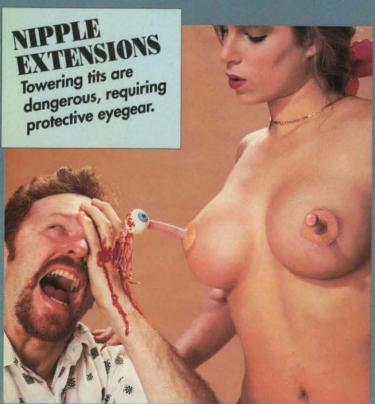
Not everything is as successful as HUSTLER. These love toys for losers left most lovers limp.

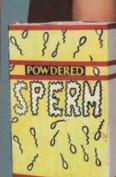


PIZZA LINGERIE

How many guys have wanted a hot, juicy pizza right after fucking some skank? Now, have both!

Better than edible underwear!

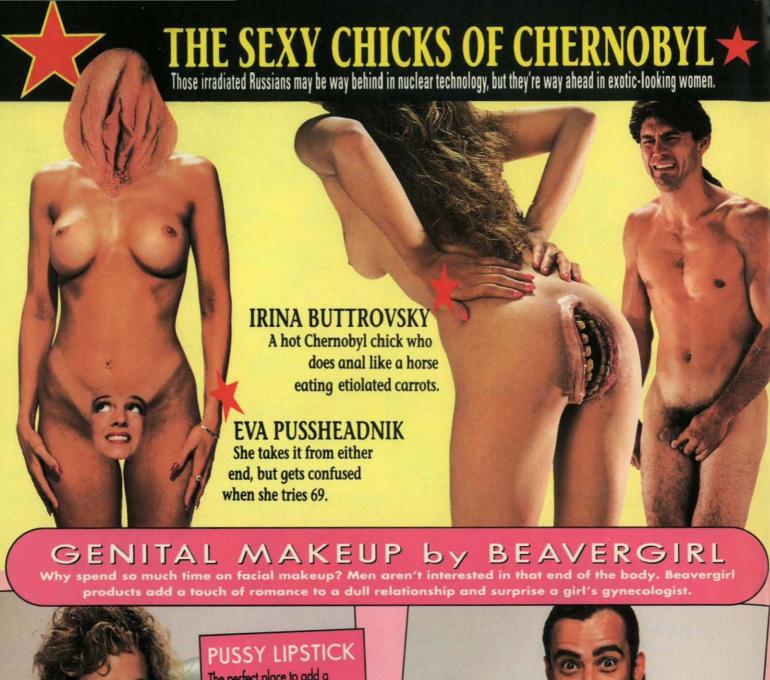




POWDERED SPERM

Just add saliva! For those times
when a man can come no more.







HUSTL

1 Year Only \$ 30.25

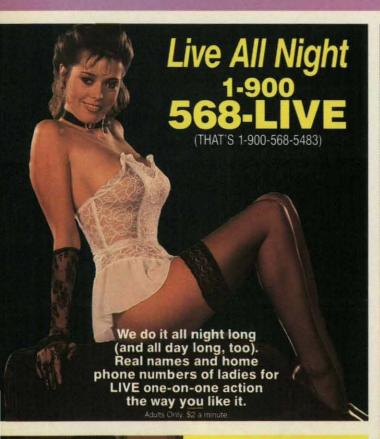
Save \$19.45 Off The Cover Price!

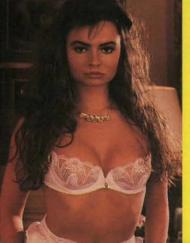


Beautiful Scandinavian women and ladies of all nations seek nice men for dating, romance, and good times together. Other exotic ladies available also. Can you show a lonely lady a good time? Call any time-24 hours a day!

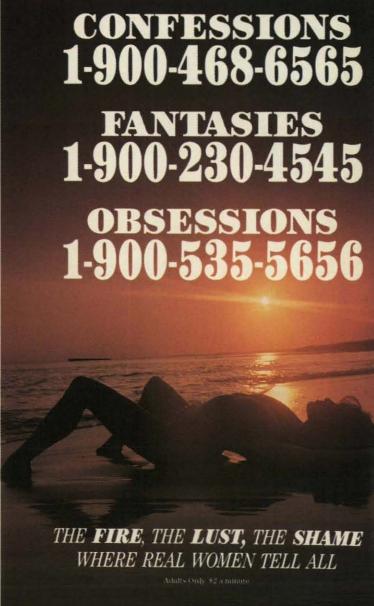
Adult callers over 21 only please, 82 a minute.

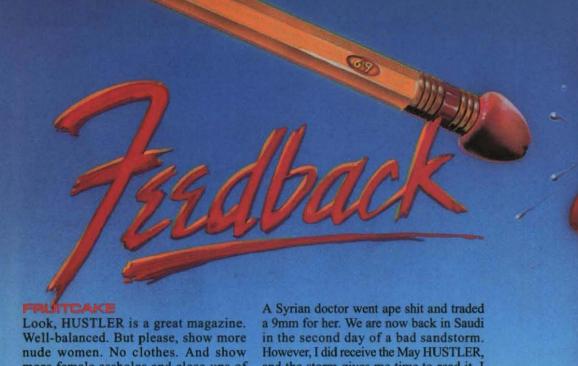






LIKE WHAT YOU SEE? 1-900 WITH HOT YOUNG GIRLS WHO WANT TO PLEASE YOU!





more female assholes and close-ups of their pussies. Instead of showing men's pricks, how about having a banana poised to be shoved up a pussy?

Have you ever tried a banana pussy? First, peel a 12-inch banana. Get your girlfriend's or wife's pussy wet, then shove the banana up her pussy. Begin eating her pussy-clit, lips, vagina. As she tightens her vaginal muscles, the banana comes out inch by inch, and you can eat the banana with the pussy! Or you can shove it back in her cunt with your tongue until you're hungry for it. If you don't want to eat banana pussy, just eat the puss full of banana, and when you cause her to climax, she can squeeze the banana out. What a sight, to see that 12" banana come out! Sometimes fast, sometimes slow. Try it. No shit. Women love it. Do a pictorial of this. The censors will shit! HUSTLER is a wonderful, courageous magazine. Remember, more naked women and close-ups of beautiful assholes. - A. S.

Ocean Springs, Mississippi

SISSY MARCHES ON

Looks like the Texas Tunnel will be the subject of another Feedback letter! The first time I saw Sissy was in your February 1991 Feedback ("Sissy Speaks!" Feedback, February '91). By some miracle, HUSTLER made it to me into Saudi Arabia before my division went into Iraq and Kuwait. By that time, Sissy had been admired by the French, the Brits and the Irish-all wishing they could have a chance with her. She was almost traded for an AK-47. I held out for more. In Kuwait, as we continued our mission, Sissy was looked at in awe and wonder by soldiers from Syria, Egypt and Lebanon.

and the storm gives me time to read it. I must say a word about S. K., from Poplar Bluff, Missouri ("Sissy Redux Sucks," Feedback, May '91). S. K. maintains that Sissy's voluminous snatch "looks, and probably smells, like a goddamn sewer." Let me tell you, I was stationed in his neck of the woods at Fort Wood for three years, and all I knew of the men there were two kinds: the ones who liked hunting dogs (the four-legged kind) and the homos. I spent my time fucking my brains out with the women whose men fit these categories. Tell Sissy I said hi and thanks for her support and willingness to share her body with the troops.

Operation Desert Storm



Jackie: Prime Pumping

TO ANY CIVILIAN

How are you? I am a soldier in Saudi Arabia. I live in a tent. What do you live in? We have two light bulbs in our tent. How many do you have where you live? Are there interesting people where you live? There are lots of interesting people where I live. We call them Ragheads. There are a lot of sheepherders here as well. We call them pimps. When we see one of them with a goat under one arm and a sheep under the other, we call them bisexual.

The food we eat is so good, we don't even have to warm it up. Someone said it tastes like shit. I don't know about that, because I have never eaten any shit. Besides, we burn all our shit. It sends black clouds of smoke up into the sky. We have four barrels in each latrine. Latrine is Army talk for bathroom. We also call our latrines four-holers. There's about two inches between each hole. The Army believes that a unit that shits together stays together. We save our shit until we get a barrel full. We shall burn no shit before it's time. Do you save your shit? Sometimes it helps to get a load off your mind.

We have a lot of sandstorms here. The sand gets in every crack you can possibly imagine. And I can imagine a lot of different cracks. I think that some of the cracks I imagine would really crack you up. We have cold showers every few days to wash all the sand out of



FOR THE

CALL 24 HOURS 7 DAYS

CHOOSE YOUR OWN PERSONAL FANTASY!

CALL ONLY IN YOUR LOCAL AREA

N.Y., BOROS, L.I 970-2868
ROCK. & WESTCH.
CLEVELAND'S [1-976-2121 WILDEST LINES [1-976-5151
PENNSYLVANIA 976-2663 TEXAS 976-2663
WASH. D.C [976-3300 976-8487

IN ALL OTHER AREAS CALL

1(900)860-9600** 1(900)820-2828

For the Best Party Lines in America:

1(900)999-DUCK* 1(900)999-5372*

EXPERIENCE LIVE WITH ME YOUR WILDEST AND MOST INTIMATE DESIRES. IF YOU HAVE A MASTERCARD OR VISA, CALL ME NOW FROM ANYWHERE IN THE U.S. AT 1-800-955-LISA

FOR THE MOST SIZZLING TRUE CONFESSIONS, CALL: 1-900-896-0600** LISTEN IN, OR RECORD YOUR OWN SINS! MEET REAL QUALITY SINGLES TONIGHT, CALL THE MOST EXCLUSIVE SINGLES ORGANIZATION IN AMERICA "THE NATIONAL SINGLES

CLUB." 1-900-820-3111***

our cracks. And we don't crack a smile. Be careful, and thanks for everything you're doing for us soldiers.

> — From Any Soldier Operation Desert Storm

MAD AS HELL

I'm a Marine currently deployed in northern Iraq. HUSTLER still makes it here from time to time. I just got your June 1991 issue. I'm writing to let K. H. from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, know we think he's a pussy ("Pass the Soap," Feedback, June '91). He sure didn't complain when he got his paychecks from Uncle Sam. When it came time to earn all that money, he didn't want to do it. I consider him a deserter during wartime and feel he should be shot. He signed a contract, then backed out. I'd much rather be at home with my wife. I made a commitment; so here I am. A man who goes back on his word isn't much of a man. I'm sure the other guys in the brig will like him! As for the wives of the 400,000 American servicemen, he doesn't need letters from them. He'll be so busy getting butt-fucked, he won't have time to read letters from wives whose husbands are defending their country and freedom. We're lucky he's not here, because jerkoffs like him get good men killed. He's lucky he's not here, because some real men would have fragged him by now! - M. G. Operation Desert Storm

I nominate K. H. of Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, Asshole of the Millennium for writing "Pass the Soap" in HUSTLER's June 1991 Feedback. — E. F.

Portland, Oregon

FUCKHEAD

I have this dream to fuck my wife on film with another woman. I know that you can't afford to give everyone their dreams, but I have read HUSTLER for years. Please think hard on this deal. You can have all the rights and send it out public if you want. All I ask is that you pay for everything-airfare, filming, room, board and the shooting fee for the other woman. Please, please write me to tell me what you decide. Think hard on this. It's for real. I want to do it right now. Make it in a nice place. Like New York or a pretty T. L. place like that. Ogden, Utah

T. L., you must be smoking some pretty gnarly shit!

PHONE FIASCO

I bought HUSTLER's July 1991 issue, and after sifting through the phone-sex ads, I wanted to put in one myself—Dial

1-900-YOU-SUCK! But, hey, it's not just HUSTLER. The quality of most triple-X films has steadily declined as well!

What the fuck's going on? Have the smut masters lost heart? Either that, or they're all sucking federal dick. I wish I had one chance to direct a photo-session and a porn movie! Because whoever's doing the job now has little imagination, creativity or mind for fantasy! And that's sad! P. S. What do you call 28 Iraqi women in one big circle? A full set of teeth! What do you call 34 photos that are barely rated X in what's supposed to be the best smut magazine in the country? The HUSTLER hustle!

Valrico, Florida

Say, big guy, we know just the couple for your porn-flick debut....

NOW YOU'RE TALKING

Ever since I was introduced to HUSTLER in February 1989, I've been a regular subscriber. I really do love your centerfolds, but more than that I love the *Erotic Entertainment* section. It has been very helpful in my choice of movies. All my porn rentals and purchases are based totally on your reviews.

I have a fantasy that thousands of my

male counterparts must share. I flipped over Barbara Dare in *True Love* with April West, and I creamed for Racquel Darrian in *Vegas 3* with Victoria Paris. I'd be grateful if you did a layout with Barbara Dare and Racquel Darrian. Please! — K. J. Gainesville, Florida

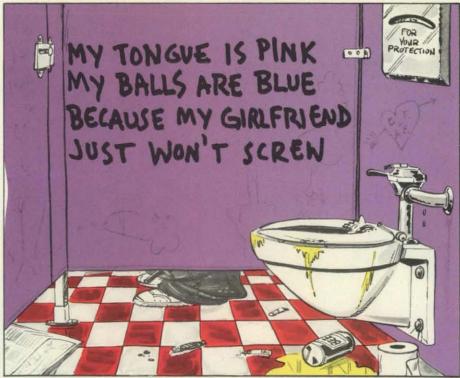
NOT OLDER, BETTER!

I've been a fan of HUSTLER Magazine for over ten years, and I have a desire. In October 1982, you made a 50-year-old woman your centerfold (Shirley: 50-Year-Old Centerfold, October '82). In June 1985, we saw a centerfold from older-lady Helga (Helga: Lust in the Twilight Years, June '85). Can I see a new 50-year-old centerfold in super-high heels? — A. H. Wuppertal, West Germany

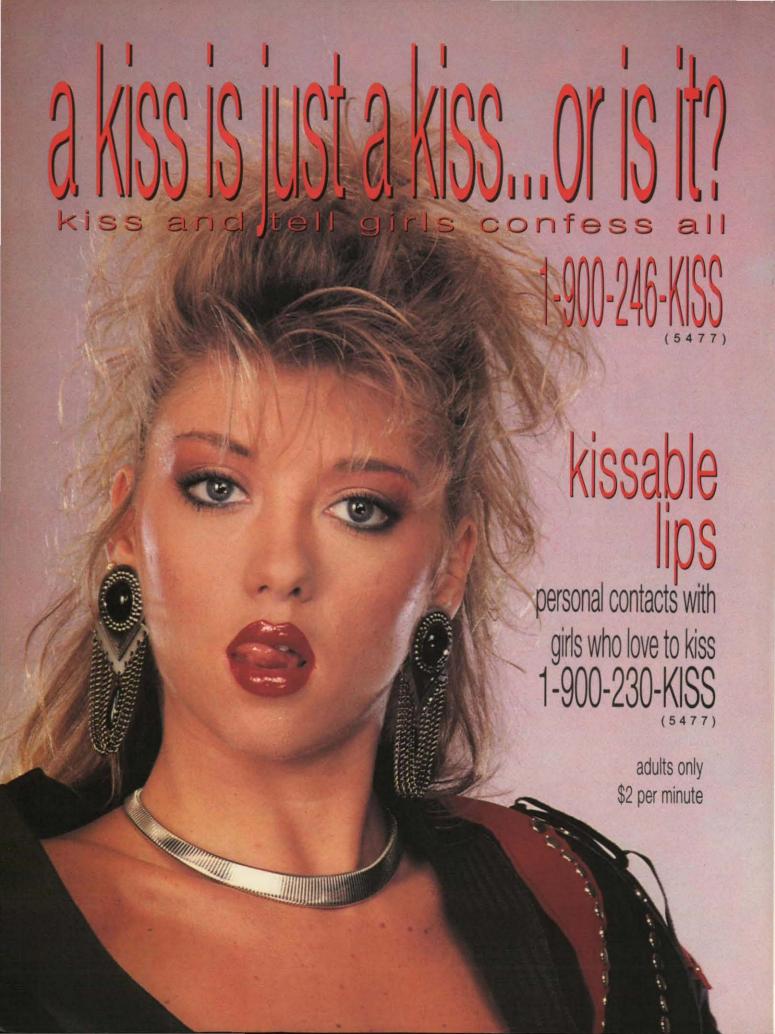
Catch the August 1991 issue, A. H. Fortyyear-old Jackie: Prime Pumping is an eye-popper.

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to Feedback, HUSTLER, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.

GRAFFINY



THANX & S50 TO DELLA BATES





PLANE CRAZY

I'm a 35-year-old publisher and a frequent flier. Due to international business concerns, I cross the Atlantic as regularly as some people cross the street. Owing to a recent manhandling by airline personnel during a trip to Paris, there are two business concerns I'm likely to avoid in the future: TWA and French whores.

When I arrived at Dulles airport at the outset, there was every reason to believe my flight to Paris would be trouble-free. I'd arrived in plenty of time to relax before boarding; the plane appeared to be underbooked; the airport personnel were cordial and efficient. The flight boarded only slightly later than scheduled. Takeoff was smooth. Little did I realize how violently I would come to regret having stepped foot on fucking TWA.

The in-flight movie was Misery, an ominously prescient depiction of a man at the mercy of a cruel God and fate. It was fun to see the world shit on somebody else for a change, but the flick would have been considerably more engaging had a grid of crackling static not interrupted every frame. Again, no major inconvenience. No inconvenience at all, even counting the musty scent of old cheese and urine that accompanied every square inch of the ancient, decrepit TWA airliner. The two-hour wait for luggage at the Paris terminal wasn't bad either.

I suffered through a grueling weekend of nonstop business, mouth to ass with a foul-smelling bunch of French motherfuckers. Finally, hungry, tired and stressed to a hair's breadth of my ability to stomach any further inconvenience, I attempted to make good on my return reservation back to the States. I was tucked aboard a plane after fighting my way through a belligerent crowd, when a TWA representative came up and asked if I would kindly disembark. The flight was oversold. It wasn't TWA's problem. It was mine. I cajoled, I attempted to reason, and finally screamed at this sanctimonious slimeball with all the

French invective I could muster. After selling me a ticket and promising a seat, TWA replied by kicking me off the plane.

TWA offered to arrange another flight. Once burned, I wasn't into it. I booked a morning flight on another airline and got blisteringly drunk at the airport lounge. In no time at all, I was channeling my rage at being forced into another night in France with a steady stream of pure hate. Nothing makes an ugly man uglier than off-brand Pernod. After five or six of the putrefying licorice liqueurs, I noticed a buxom, red-



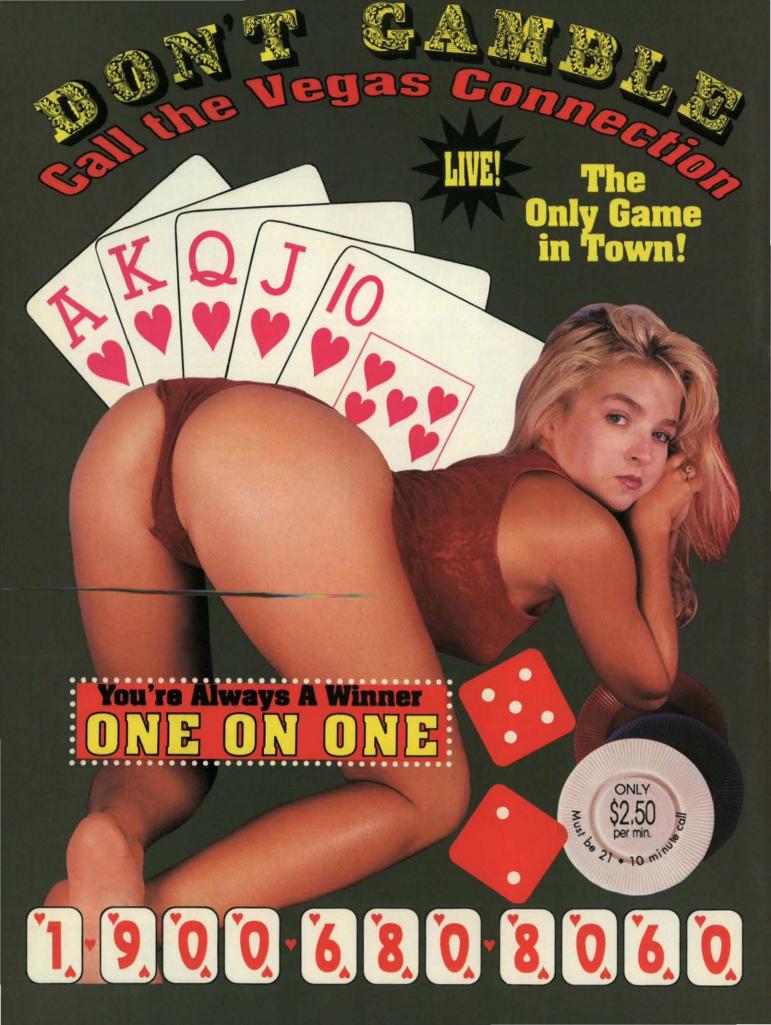
haired woman eyeing me from across the bar. Obviously a working woman. Just as obviously, I didn't give a fuck. She was welcome to do what she could with Amex, Visa and Mastercard. After Traveling With Assholes, I wanted a victim. I wanted to do to another human being what TWA had done to me.

I invited her over. Bought her a whiskey and soda. Double. She had a palsied hand on my cock before the ice had time to cool. An hour later, at her pied-à-terre, she wriggled out of her tight-fitting corset. Fleshy cantaloupe breasts jiggled at the slap of my hand. I took a rubber-eraser nipple between my teeth and attempted to yank it off her tit. She squealed and wrapped her long,

muscular legs around my back, pulling me to the dingy mattress where she did business. I knotted my fingers in her dry, red mane and pushed her head against the pillow. Jerking her chin to her chest, I spit a full loogie into her open mouth. Her eyes bulged, but not from humiliation or fright. I got the impression she had finally found the man of her dreams. She swallowed the oyster and lunged for my cock like a hungry seal at feeding time. I angrily humped her face as hard as if mashing her facial features into oblivion could destroy all of France and TWA and the whole idea of international business flights. My balls slapped her cheeks with the force of a gasoline-powered, automatic tennis volley. She moaned, groaned, gasped and choked. Her fierce, razor fingernails dug into my ass cheeks as she pulled my cock closer to her crushed mandible. On the verge of coming, I unintentionally vanked my cock out of her gaping mouthtrap and jammed it toward her heaving nostrils.

My dickslit stuck right into her nosehole and shot a mind-scalding load of acid drool deep inside her hapless head. She immediately convulsed into a string of explosive sneezing, scattering my snotty seeds in micropulverized increments across the filthy room. Before she could wipe away the clinging trails of goop, I decided to hose her clean myself. My drooping cock was nearly bursting with Pernod piss. Now that the cum-tubes were clear, it was time to let loose. I squirted her face with a scalding jet stream, actually pocketing her cheeks with the force of the yellow liquid. Not a trace of sperm remained. With my bladder and balls newly emptied, I began to feel the need of further relief. With triumphant satisfaction, I released my anal sphincters. The combustive, liquid remains of TWA direct-to-Paris chicken à la king splattered her stomach and tits, as well as most of the mattress and the insides of my thighs. I can't say she thanked me for it. I used her black-lace peignoir to wipe myself clean, and as I tossed the stinking rag upon her trashed and utterly stupefied

(continued on page 29)



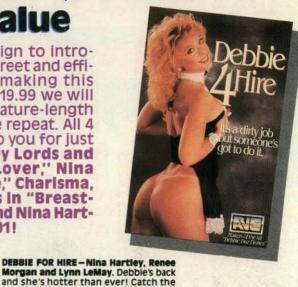
ALL FOUR

VIDEOS FOR ONLY \$19.99!

Life is hard. Love shouldn't be. Executive

A \$199.00 Value

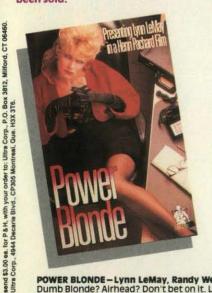
As part of a national campaign to introduce you to our friendly, discreet and efficient video service we're making this unbeatable offer. For just \$19.99 we will ship to you all four of the feature-length videos you see in this ad. We repeat. All 4 video features will be sent to you for just \$19.99! You'll receive Stacey Lords and Raven Richards in "Easy Lover," Nina Hartley in "Debbie for Hire," Charisma, Brittany and Stacey Lords in "Breast-stroke 3" and Lynn LeMay and Nina Hartley in "Power Blonde"! #8101!



EASY LOVER – Stacey Lords and Raven Richards are secretaries in an office where the boss knows what he wants and work is rarely on his mind. Sexy Stacey is a little naive but ambitious. There isn't much she won't do to get a raise out of the boss (and believe us, she gets a real raise out of him!) Tracey's sex scenes in the first 5 minutes of this excellent production are worth the price of the entire video! Time Approximate 1 Hour 6 Minutes.

Our **iron-clad guarantee** that comes with every purchase also applies to this special offer. It's simple. If you are not 100% delighted with your purchase just return it within 30 days for your money back. No questions asked! But we're sure that you will be more than pleased with each of the 4 sexy videos starring the hottest names in the business. Place your order today and we'll also include a specially selected "mystery gift" along with our brand new color catalog filled with more of the best buys in adult video — ABSOLUTELY FREE!

Please note: Due to the extremely unusual nature of this offer we reserve the right to return any order, unopened, after the first 5,000 sets have been sold.



BREASTSTROKE 3 – Charisma, Brittany and Stacey Lords in a hot, new continuation of the hugely successful "Breaststroke" video series. The juggernaut continues and the cups runneth over again with the most delicious orbs ever unsheathed! You'll drool with delight as these lovely and willing ladies bare their greatest assets and do just about anything that will bring them pleasure. The sex scenes are incomparable and the starlets hotter than ever – and they're waiting for you! Time Approximate 1 Hour 3 Minutes.



© 1990 ULTRA CORPORATION, 354 North St., Milford, CT 06460

POWER BLONDE—Lynn LeMay, Randy West and Nina Hartley. Dumb Blonde? Airhead? Don't bet on it. Lynn LeMay absolutely scorches the screen as the power-driven captain of industry. She's hard driven and hard-driving. She controls major corporations. She controls powerful businessmen. But she can't control her insatiable sexual appetite. She'll melt at the thought of a iron-shanked cock and she'll do anything to have it deep inside her. The sex is red-hot in this great Henri Pachard release. Time Approximate 1 Hour 5 Minutes.

ULTRA CORPORATION, P.O. 80X 3812, MILFORD, CTD Sirs. I have enclosed my check. M. O. Visa. M.C. inform- videos under a 30-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE (CT r	ation. Please rush me the 4	FREE
CANADIAN RESIDENTS: Available from Ultra Corp. 4944 Montreal. Que H3X 3T6 please add 30% plus \$4.00M & shipped duty-free from within Canada (Que Residents ad	H to prices shown. All orders	WITH EVERY ORDER
NOTICE: I declare that I am an adult, 21 years of age or o Canadian residents). I am purchasing these for my priva will not sell the material or furnish it to minors. Signature	NOTE AVAILABLE IN VHS ONLY Video Total S19.99 CT State Tax P & H \$3.00 Total	enter + 1962 and reading
#8101		Vold where prohibited by law.

fun, the intrigue and the incomparable

sex as Debbie gets "down and dirty" in a

great Henri Pachard smash hit. What sex

queen Nina Hartley did in "Dishes" she

does even better as every man's dream of the perfect maid! Debbie will have

you literally screwed to the screen! The screen's hottest stars are hotter than

ever! Time Approximate 1 Hour 5

Minutes.



CENTERFOLD

FREE

FREE PHONE SEX. NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED.

1-800-767-2542 18 and over

WILD, HOT PUSSY...

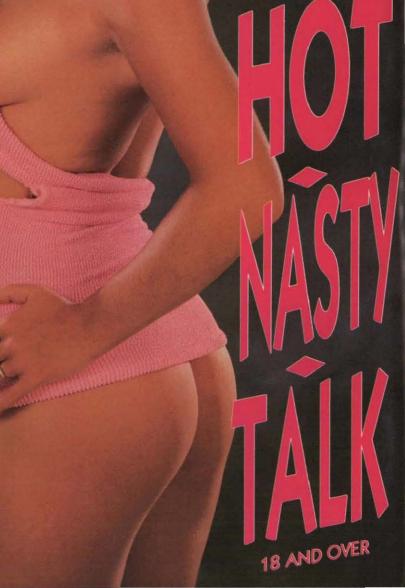
Girls waiting for your call.

Join partyline orgy or

private one on one.

1-800-767-GIRL

Credit cards needed





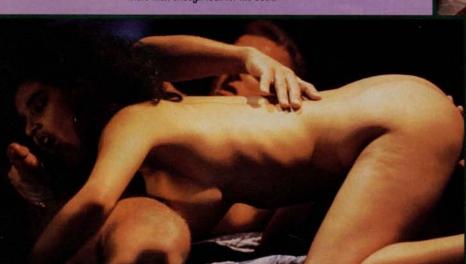
THE STRANGER BESIDE ME

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Robert McCallum; starring Sandra Scream, Woody Long, Lois Ayres, Leanna Foxxx, Dusty, Avalon, T. T. Boy, Joey Murphy and James Lewis. Videocassette: Western Visuals.

Showing what intriguing visuals, a hot-blooded cast and an abundance of good sex will do, Stranger proves quite friendly in stoking a stroker's fire. Sandra Scream wants ex-cop Woody Long to find out what happened to her dead hubby's insurance money. The two get things off to a rock-hard start, as Long slams the blond sex machine and Scream commands him to lick her asshole, which he obligingly does. Four scintillating scenes follow; all end in facials, two of which highlight the hot lips of Lois Ayres. Bizarre camera angles and moody lighting heighten the sexual tension, and, with a total of seven sex scenes, Stranger gives more than enough fuck for the buck.

—Sam Lowry

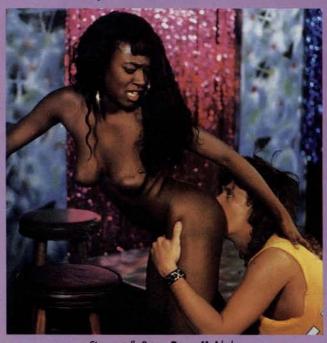
More than enough fuck for the buck.



Moody lighting helps heighten the sexual tension.



Eyes: Artfully directed plastic food.



Simone tells Byron, Bung-Ho! babe.

BUNG-HO! BABES

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Malcolm DeVoe; starring Jeannie Pepper, April Rayne, Jamie Leigh, Domonique Simone, Tom Byron, Randy West, Jeff Golden and Austin Moore. Videocassette: Filmco.

Black girls and white girls are all the same color up the butt. Once a skanky twat has reverse-shitted a thick tube steak up her stretched rectum, superficial differences of skin tone bleach away to nothing in a deeper contraction of primal, gut feeling. A rod in the turd ring is the great equalizer. A stiff in the mud-pit eliminates the distinctions between good-looking girls and one-bag skanks. Best of all, a hard rhino horn rammed into the rear exit brings a woman down to a level where a man can finally deal with her as a reasonable human being. Bung-Ho, baby.

— Christian Shapiro

BEHIND BLUE EYES 3

Half Erect. Directed by Scotty Fox; starring Randy Spears, Nina Hartley, Jon Dough, Mike Horner, Kim McKay, Sabrina Dawn, Eric Price and Renee Fox. Videocassette: Moonlight Entertainment.

This tape ain't all bad, but it ain't all good, either. Everything that should enhance the sex scenes—plot, camerawork, editing, acting, music and special effects— works pretty well. The cast is attractive enough too, but obviously feigned passion and too-transparent efforts to portray erotic ecstasy make Eyes about as satisfying as a plate of beautifully arranged, color-coordinated, artfully directed plastic food.

— Woody Hood

DRIVING MISS DAISY CRAZY

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Roberto Pak and Bruce Six; starring Jillian Amore, Cal Jammer, Matt Lancing, Gregor Samsa, Ray Victory, Peter North, Penny Lane, Bridgette Monroe, Marilyn Rose and Rebecca Steele. Videocassette: Western Visuals.

Forget an X-rated version of the Academy Award-winning film. The producers used all their creativity ripping off the title and had nothing left to make a stroke flick worth watching. Tattooed, cute motorcycle slut Rebecca Steele gets it up the ass and pussy at the same time, but awkward editing ruins the pleasure. The Peter North face-splash of Bridgette Monroe at tape's end is the only successful sex scene. Fast-forward to it. Everything else about Daisy is crazy...with boredom.

— W. H.

6

THE WONDER REARS

Half Erect. Directed by Milton Ingley; starring Erica Boyer, Austin Moore, Stacey Bell, Avalon, Leanna Foxxx, Leilani, Sean Michaels and Biff Malibu. Videocassette: Soho Video.

Erica Boyer's nut-busting bung-ring was long ago enshrined upon a procto-pedestal in the Sphincter Hall of Fame. What befits a legend most? A blood-engorged length of rod plowing through those hallowed rectal rings as Boyer fingers open her slippery quim and spanks her clit with a loud slap. Also good to hear is the effect Sean Michaels's writhing, black king snake has upon the burrows of two open-hole sluts; the shifting of a pony-tailed stud's torque bar from a raven-tressed bitch's cunny to her burmy; and lesbian dildo antics that slide from clit to shifter. Rears is no wonder, but it's something to look at.

— C. S.



ROCKIN' THE BOAT

Half Erect. Directed by Paul Thomas; starring Deidre Holland, Tom Byron, Tara Heart and Jon Dough. Videocassette: Vivid Video.

If it weren't for buoyant buns Deidre Holland, Boat would sink in a minute. She takes two doses of cum on her pretty tongue from Byron and Dough, and also flexes her fine Aussie ass in the vid's threeway lesbo finale. An obnoxious rap narration by a too-white dude spouting lame limericks, silly costumes left over from other Thomas epics, performers keen on posing when they should be fucking, epileptic editing and a cliché-ridden story weigh down Rockin' with superfluous baggage. Ultimately, only Holland keeps this Boat afloat.

— W. H.



Only Holland rocks the Boat.



MORE DIRTY DEBUTANTES 6

Half Erect. Directed by Ed Powers and Jamie Gillis; starring Jamie Gillis, Ed Powers, Randy West, Tina Cruise, Sheri Spalding, Barbie Winer, Marie Dansen, Eric Dansen, Tracy Majors, Sylvana Valentine, Tina Arnes, Laura Feldren, Robert Aria, Tina Aria and Faren Heights (a/k/a Taylor Wane). Videocassette: 4-Play.

The Dirty Debutante series, raw-edged erotica, bringing relatively fresh slices of slut to the video pool, is also a valuable learning tool and inspirational documentary. A simple pleasure resides in viewing a girl's first-time-on-video sexing, whether these sexings be simple digital masturbation, dildo swallowing, a blowjob or a two-stud tag-fuck with a dick in the ass. But these tapes give so much more in the patter of Nasty Brothers Jamie Gillis and Ed Powers. Ever wonder how to talk to a bimbo so she'll like you, think you like her and spread her legs for your prying video camera? Listening to More Dirty Debutantes 6 can be just as rewarding as watching it.

— C. S.



TRICK TRACEY

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Patti Rhodes; starring Lauren Hall, Randy West, Bridgette Monroe, Jon Dough, Nina Alexander, Joey Silvera, Sabrina Dawn and Cameo. Videocassette: Coast to Coast Video.

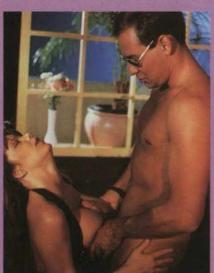
Blandes may indeed have more fun, but the steady stream of flaxen-tressed lust lasses presented by the California-based sex-flick industry sometimes leaves a man hankering for femmes of a darker-hued coif. The urge for brunet bone fodder leads the variety-seeking video-romeo to Trick Tracey, a smut offering uniquely devoid of a single platinum head. Unfortunately, too little of dark-hair delight Lauren Hall is presented. Hall has a reserved girl/girl nonfrenzy with brownie-locks Nina Alexander, but not so much as to mess up anybody's perm. Randy West, his own skull-covering dyed blacker than Lauren's, gives Hall her only dick of Tracey, not nearly as much as the rest of us would like to shove upon her. — C.S.



FANTASY IN BLUE

Half Erect. Directed by Nancy Blue; starring Porsche Lynn, Alice Springs, Christy Canyon, Cameo, Tim Banger, Eric Price and Paula Price. Videocassette: Vivid Video.

Christy Canyon's neck and chin have probably combined to catch more hot loads than Brooks Robinson caught line drives. Still, the true spurts fan never gets tired of seeing the graceful movements of an accomplished professional. Round-boobed Paula Price



Fantasy: Paula is a player to watch.

hasn't been in the big leagues as long as Canyon, but her basketball melons and willingness to take Eric Price's heavy-hitting club up her chocolate clutch spot mark her as a player to watch. Utility twats Alice Springs and Cameo, on the other hand, will always be second-stringers, but they try harder when playing time is available; their strap-on lay is rich in aerobic value. Porsche Lynn, however, does nothing more than pinch her pussy, shave her snatch and soil a dildo. She's a slacker past her prime and should be cut from the



This debutante gets Dirty.



Wane pinches a Precious peak.

PRECIOUS PEAKS

Half Erect. Directed by Henri Pachard; starring Raven, Bobbi Lee, Taylor Wane, Brittany, Joey Silvera, Randy West, Marc Wallice and Tom Byron. Videocassette: Zane Entertainment.

Looking forward to seeing the Log Lady getting laid? The Drape Lady getting drilled? Some necrophilia nasties with Laura Palmer? Be content with several sets of big fucking fits. Pricks glide in the satin crevice of oiled cleavage, then spew load after load on heaving bosoms and blood-hard nipples. All the ladies are stroke-worthy, busty beauties, but Joey Silvera and Randy West are getting a trifle long in the tooth for such on-screen shenanigans. Isn't it about time they became directors?

— W. H.



Raunch isn't raunchy enough.



Curious: Little Miss Prick Teaser.

CURIOUS CURIOUS

Half Erect. Directed by F. J. Lincoln; starring Ashley Lauren, Alicyn Sterling, Lois Ayres, Joey Silvera, April Rayne, Tom Byron and Marc Wallice. Videocassette: Caballero.

Box-cover tart Ashley Lauren is a sassy slice of pseudo-jailbait, but in just another porn ripoff, she doesn't get fucked. Marc Wallice spews on the car seat before he even gets her pants off, Byron gets busted by his ol' lady before Lauren opens her snatch, and Silvera has to be content to stroke while watching her finger herself. Little Miss Prick Teaser would be a more appropriate title.

— W. H.

RAUNCH

Half Erect. Directed by Patti Rhodes; starring Nina Alexander, Raven, April Rayne, Brittany Stryker, Sunny McKay, Joey Silvera, Marc Wallice, Jon Dough, Randy West and Roy Quest. Videocassette: Coast to Coast.

Almost a decade ago, a chick calling herself Julia Parton burst onto the skin scene with her humongous, real jugs, claiming to be related to Dolly Parton. Where Dolly sang, Julia spread. Her hard-core career was extremely short-lived, but Parton is back on the cover of *Raunch*, calling herself Nina Alexander. No longer does she suck, fuck or touch dick. Burying her nose in beaver is okay, but Alexander is either too good or too lesbo to get dicked, and thus leaves the viewer disappointed, pissed-off and blueballed. Luckily, mid-'80s porn cunt Brittany Stryker milks Jon Dough's wad on her smiling face with the enthusiasm of someone who likes cum. Her co-stars, especially the soporific Raven, should have taken note.

TRACEY LOVES DICK

Half Erect. Directed by Patti Rhodes; starring Lauren Hall, Randy West, Jon Dough, Bridgette Monroe, Gregor Samsa, Brianna Rai (a/k/a Heather Lere) and Wendi Hope. Videocassette: Coast to Coast Video.

Bimbos never go out of style, especially not in pornland, and *Tracey Loves Dick* is a perfect example of the airheaded honeypot's lasting appeal. A dumb cumbunny's greatest asset is that she pops a dick in her mouth and sucks it with the total concentration of a happy dog gnawing on a savory bone. "My God, she's in a state of mindless rapture," marvels the lonely dicked viewer at home. "She's so far gone that I could probably pry that dude's wang out of her mouth and shove my own in there, and she wouldn't even know the difference. Why, I bet if I were fucking her pussy, I could slip it up her ass and just pass it off as one of my fingers or something." *Tracey* has four cute bimbos and gorgeous Lauren Hall. Be a dick; enjoy it.

NURSE NANCY

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by F. J. Lincoln; starring Sandra Scream, Zara Whites, Alicyn Sterling, Peter North, Marc Wallice, Woody Long and Rebecca. Videocassette: Caballero.

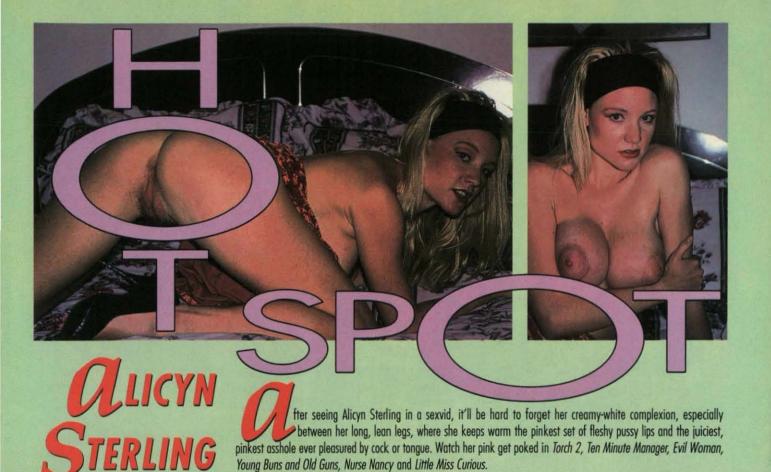
Any horny sicko who's spent much downtime flat out in a hospital bed has alleviated the brain-numbing boredom by imagining a succession of comely nurses climbing up on the traction bar to lower steaming slices of juicy

pussy onto a pole that refuses to acknowledge that it's attached to an invalid. Of course, the real nurses turn out to be a series of harelipped, Third World males, but not in Nurse Nancy. Marc Wallice lives the hospital-bed fantasy twice, first with brunet torch chick Zara Whites, the second beneath the bounty of sweetly smiling and creamy pink Alicyn Sterling. With a supporting bathtub plugging, two-girl threeway and some lesbo labe-lapping, Nurse Nancy will relieve the afflicted.

— C. S.

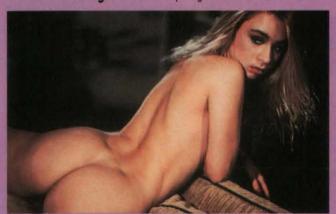


Nancy will relieve the afflicted.





Nightdreams: Like jerking off to MTV.



Commander: Pomodoro's ass gives the orders.

NIGHTDREAMS 3

Half Erect. Directed by Rinse Dream; starring Tianna, Lauren Brice, Tom Byron, Stephanie Page, Paula Price, Cameo, Joey Silvera, Henry "Hook" Jabbar and Sharon Kane. Videocassette: VCA.

Anyone who's ever seriously attempted to reach sexual release while watching MTV is familiar with the limits of the rock-video medium. The music channel features enough toothsome, cum-worthy suck sluts to satisfy an army of one-armed viewers, but the plentitude of prime poon only adds to the ultimate despair. The tease-ass, quick cuts from nubile bimbo to mouth-breathing hair-farmer, and the sacrifice of content to a moody, murky atmosphere, leave a man's dick wilted. Which brings us to Nightdreams 3, a laudably different suck-and-fuck that will be most popular in some Eastern European principality, where manic depression is a policy of state.

— C. S.

ANAL COMMANDER

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Jane Waters; starring Rachel Ryan, Miss Pornodoro, Flame, Avalon, Marc Wallice and Tom Byron. Videocassette: Zane Entertainment.

Rachel Ryan's potential for onanistic impact in any anal-sex tape has been greatly eroded over the years. Watching Tom Byron plowing Ryan's open O-ring as her surgically enhanced, dehanced, askance body and face grimace through the motions just isn't fun anymore. However, hold on. Flame, Avalon and Miss Pomodoro—three sphincter-sacrificing slatterns—a milk-skinned redhead, a full-body, Semitic earth mother and a hirsute-assed Italian blonde—give Anal some commanding rewards.

—C. S.



There's nothing like a fucking Mirage.

MIRAGE

Half Erect. Directed by Eric Edwards; starring Ashlyn Gere, Nina Hartley, Peter North, Trinity Loren, Marc Wallice, T. T. Boy, Alice Springs, Mike Horner, Taylor Wane, Greg Rome and Eric Edwards. Videocassette: VCA.

Eric Edwards has come a long way from his initial forays into writing, producing and directing smut flicks. He's gotten to the point where his plot unfolds with a smooth, seamless narrative as acted by a full cast, including a handful of nonsex extras, many of whom seem to even understand what their characters are supposed to be doing. Unfortunately, it is impossible to believe porn stars as professional, publishing careerists. Perhaps Edwards would be better served to take a step or two back, to right about where Trinity Loren's breast extensions receive twin loads of testicle lavage from Marc Wallice and Peter North; and a duo of sprite twats suck and fuck a goop geyser from the North rod; or even where Mike Horner takes yet another shot at the buns of Nina Hartley. There's no mirage like a fucking Mirage.

— C. S.



FRENCH CONNEXXXION

Half Erect. Directed by Henri Pachard; starring Shanna McCullough, Tracey Adams, Randy Spears, Lynn LeMay, Mike Horner, Bionca, Jon Dough, Michelle Monroe, Jacqueline, Jerry Butler and Jesse Eastern. Videocassette: VCA.

Don't expect any frilly frog pussy from French Connexxxion. The twats here are about as foreign and exotic as a Ford Maverick. Most of them have seen as much road as an early '70s coupe and, if this were the auto industry, would have been junked long ago and used as scrap material on newer models. Redheaded shovel-jaw Jacqueline and blond beast of boner burden Michelle Monroe are the closest things Connexxxion has to newcomers, a pair whose novelty wore away at about the same time they washed off their first money shots. As for the oldsters, it's in focus, and they fuck like pros — with all the passion of punching a time clock. — C. S.

STROKER'S GUIDE

A quick checklist of X-rated features reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER and HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE.



FULLY ERECT Superior. A top production.

Curse of the Cat Woman The Masseuse Wild Goose Chase



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT Above average. Hard-on material.

Bonfire of the Panties
Sex Trek: The Next
Generation
Snatched to the Future
Young Buns 2



HALF ERECT Standard fare. Has moments.

All That Sex
Bad Habits
Buns and Roses
Candy Stripers 4
Clean and Dirty
Crossing Over
Deep Inside Charli
Designer Genes
The Mark of Zara
Model Wife
More Dirty Debutantes 5
Phone Sex Girls 5

Shifting Gere Sunny After Dark Tit Tales 2 Tools of the Trade



ONE-QUARTER ERECT
Poor. Don't expect much.

Angels By Day, Devils
Bi Night
Bangkok Massage Girls
Beat the Heat
Big Game
Eat 'em and Smile
Edge of Sensation
Forbidden Games

Girlfriends
Girls, Girls and More Girls
Hotel Transylvania 2
Images of Desire
Le Sex de Femme 5
The Magic Box
Nightcap
We're No Angels



TOTALLY LIMP
A waste of time and money.

Good Vibrations No Strings Attached World's Dirtiest Home Videos





HOT LETTERS (continued from page 17)

My dickslit stuck right into her nosehole and shot a mind-scalding load of acid drool deep inside her hapless head. She immediately convulsed.

mug, I was gratified to experience at that moment an inkling of how TWA feels every day.

—A. M.

Beverly Hills, California

FIRST FEET FEAT

If I were any more sophisticated, I might have known immediately that my new friend Dawn was into kinky sex, but I'm a plain and simple country girl at heart, even though I was born and raised in Minneapolis. All her winks and innuendos were lost on me. One day, however, she came right out and showed me what turned her on. The greatest adventure of my sex life began with a single brush of her foot.

Dawn wrote a music column for a Minneapolis newspaper. Sitting across from me at a booth in our neighborhood bar, we were discussing the latest modernjazz releases when she casually took off her shoe and massaged my calf with her bare toes. The touch of her soft sole against my ankle charged me with a strange and incredibly voluptuous excitement. Dawn had healthy, vibrant skin, a bright smile and warm, flashing, brown eyes. Her breasts were small, but shapely, firm and capped with enormous nipples. I'm not bisexual, but I wanted to fuck the living daylights out of Dawn. When her foot gently rose to my knee and along my thigh, I spread my knees slightly for her.

"How about sharing another drink with me at my place?" she asked lightly, but with a serious edge. "I've got a great bottle of champagne. I'll put on some jazz...."

"Let's go," I whispered, as eager as I've ever been for anything, anywhere.

Her apartment building rested on the edge of a verdant hilltop. Putting on some Thelonious Monk and handing me a glass of Cristal, she turned out the lights. Deftly, she rolled off her pantyhose. "I need to get out of these," she said. "I feel absolutely trapped inside them. How about you?"

Shivering with intimacy, I slipped my own pantyhose down my slender, smooth legs. All I could think about was what lay under Dawn's skintight miniskirt and how long it would take before my tongue was caressing it.

As my eyes adjusted to the dark, I noticed that Dawn's dress had hiked up, exposing most of her legs and allowing me a glimpse of her shimmering bush. She caressed my toes, and I felt a delicious stirring in my cunt.

I nearly creamed on the carpet when she opened her mouth and took my toes against her tongue. It took everything I had not to scream with ecstasy. Her narrow tongue slithered between each of my sensitive toes. I followed her lead, feeling her whole body shake as I touched her feet with my lips. I ran my teeth over her sweet-smelling pink soles until she cried out. "Stop!" she gasped. "No more!"

She put my foot between her slim thighs. At first, I wasn't sure what she was after. When she took my toes in her hand and pressed them against her sopping box, hot, creamy pussy juice dribbled over my digits. Her own foot crept between my legs. With a gratified sigh of surrender, I opened my thighs wide for her. Her big toe flicked my hard, moist clit. I jerked like a puppet on strings. Perspiration beaded on my forehead. Honey overflowed the bounds of my cunt lips. She slipped her tiny foot into my slopping twat. Once inside my hole, she wriggled her toes. Erotic sensations rippled from my box up my tingling spine, through my legs and out the sides of my breasts. I gasped and squealed with a shock of

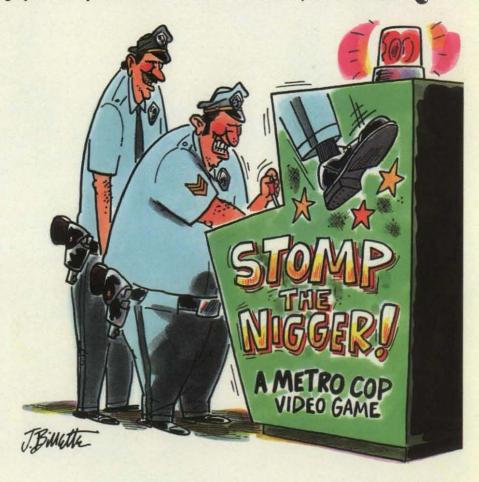
delight. In the soft glow of the candlelight, I saw Dawn give me a superior little smile. Who did she think she was? Some kind of sex expert, enlightening a country hick? I teased her clitoris with my own foot. She twitched and groaned and pushed her mound against my foot. I massaged her box like a baker kneading a tough knot of dough, fitting my toes inside her gaping, hairy slit. She fought like a fish on a hook as I screwed her slick hole with my foot. Making fists with her hands, she beat silently on the carpet. Her pussy muscles spasmed around my toes. Juice streamed over my foot, staining the carpet. "Oh, oh, oh," she moaned, over and over again. The wanton excitement of the scene caused me to climax with her. Gasping and panting, I exploded in a mind-wrenching orgasm. A racing pulse of pleasure beat up and down the walls of my vagina. The music came to a stop. We twitched and collapsed to the sounds of heavy breathing and whimpers of exhaustion.

I was a foot virgin until Dawn showed me the light. Let me tell you, there's no turning back. These days I jump in the sack feet first.

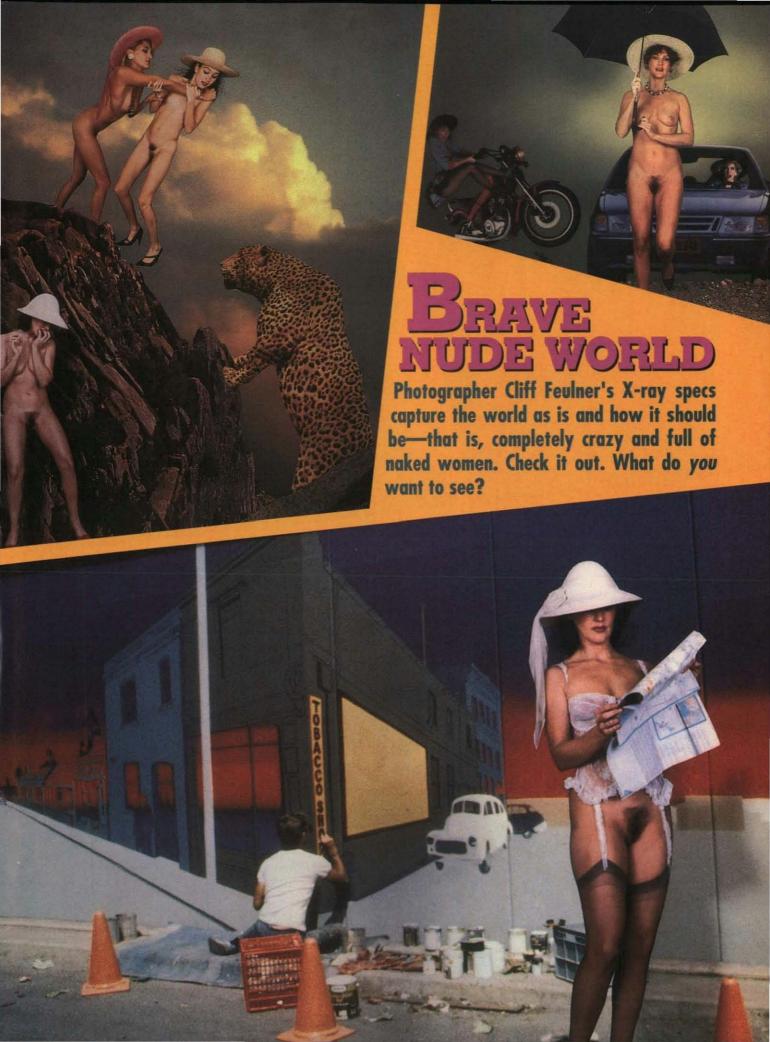
—Lynda F.

Minneapolis, Minnesota

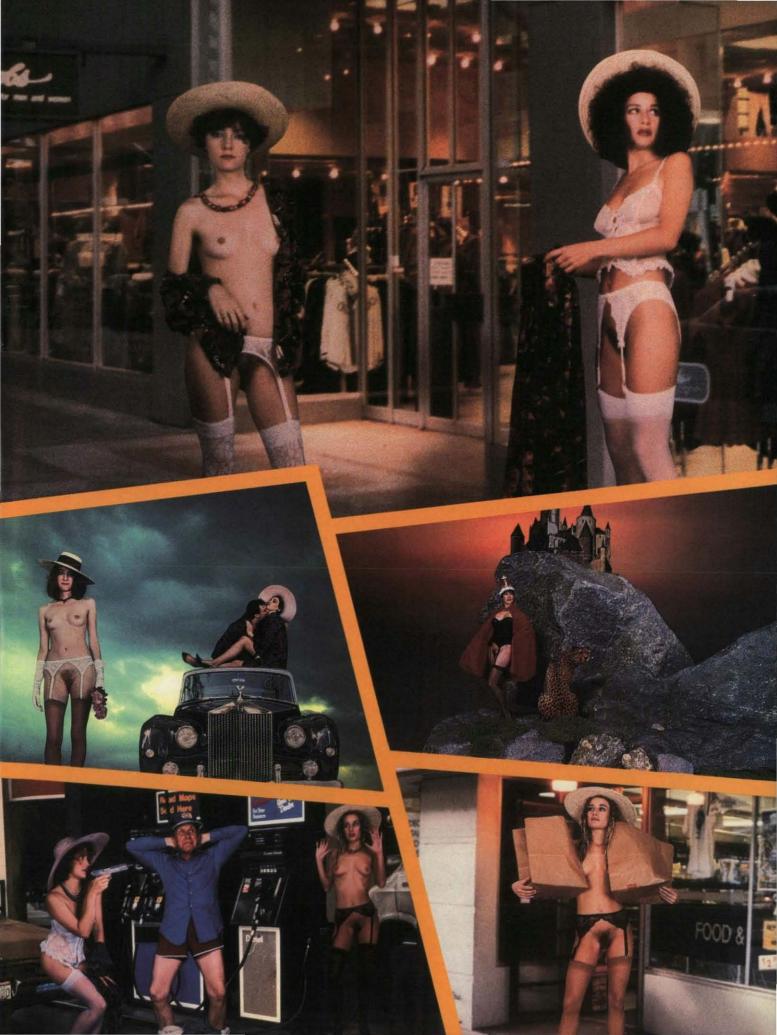
Send your sexperiences to <u>HUSTLER Hot</u> <u>Letters</u>, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210.











Fear and hypocrisy have repressed sexual awareness, leading to the ignorance that spreads disease and creates violence, in addition to hindering our natural enjoyment of sex This series opens the door to current sexual knowledge and expression, and improved love making

USTRATION BY

TOM KAFKA

ALL DEPOSIT, NO WITHDRAWAL: A SPERM DONOR GIVES HIS ALL

my juice. I'm a sperm donor at the local semen bank.

College students get hungry. Word of employment opportunities spreads like wildfire. In a few cases, when the job's considered beneath the dignity of a respectable collegiate type, the word is whispered, with bad jokes and a lot of giggling. Especially when the news is that easy bucks can be made milking your prick. Just go on down to the sexual-services clinic, dude. Dump in a cup, and you've got your weekend paid up. To be honest, it didn't turn out to be quite that easy.

The clinic pays by volume. Since I've been selling splooge, I've become discriminatory about where I shoot my wad. I exercise regularly and eat lots of protein. People say I have the glow that comes with young love. Truth is, since meeting Bertha, I don't find college girls worth the trouble.

Bertha doesn't save herself just for me. She's available to every man who qualifies. If he gets past the embarrassment of the first few times he donates and produces enough good juice for a clinic to put him on

their regular-donor list, Bertha will introduce him

to a level of pleasure unattainable in the world of flesh and bone. Does it take a special man to pump white oil for cold

cash? Call ahead; don't just drop in. "We're all ready for you, Mr. Smith," said the young, cute, big-titted blonde behind the reception desk. She led me down a hall and into a room the size of most doctors' examination rooms. The decor, however, was better suited to Tarzan than Dr. Kildare. The room looked like a fern grotto. It smelled slightly of soap. I found my way to a chaise lounge nestled in the greenery. The secretary informed me someone would come by soon to explain procedures. After she closed the door, I realized the room was filled with the sound of water falling over stones and noticed the color photographs of mountain streams that covered the wall behind me.

The effect was intended to make me feel as private and uninhibited as a savage monkey in a rain forest. No such luck. My dick was so limp, I doubted it would meet the demands of the day. Potted ferns and tape machines were no match for the glory-orbed receptionist-in fact, they made me queasy.

The door opened. A man named Dr. Covert introduced himself. "What a coincidence," he said. "Half the guys who come in here are named Smith, Mr. Smith."

"Call me Chris," I answered, certain that he was going to accuse me of lying about my name and send me home.

"I'm not going to tell you how to achieve an orgasm, but I do need to ask you to wash your hands, penis, testicles and upper thighs with disinfectant and dry them carefully before you begin. Catch the semen in this cup. Put a lid on it and slip it into this water bath to keep it at the right temperature. You don't need to check out with Cindy. Just turn left down the hall and leave through the exit door. If you want to call in tomorrow, we'll

> tell you how you tested and whether you should come in again."

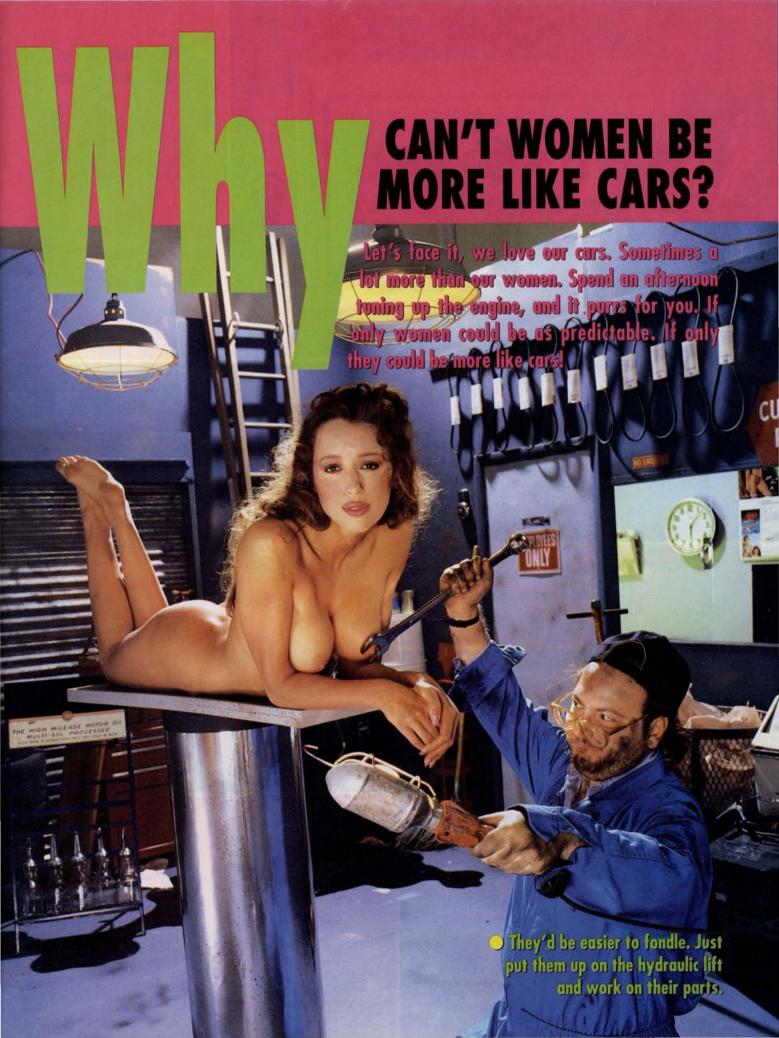
He told me there were magazines in the cabinet under the sink. He gave me a tube of lubricant and asked me not to use saliva because it would damage the sperm. With that he was out the door, I was alone. Me, a tube of lube and wall-to-wall vegetable matter. Turn-on city.

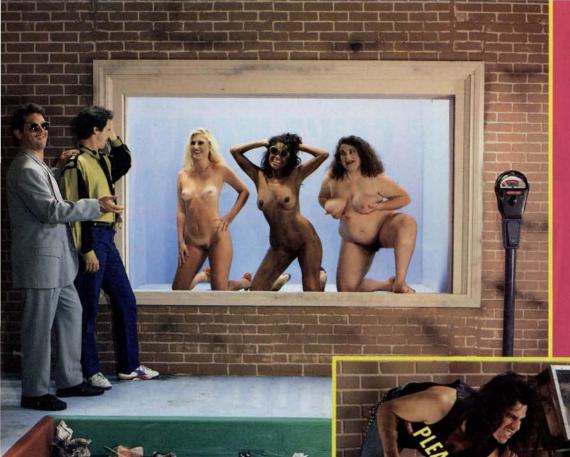
After examining the nature photos on the wall more carefully than I'd ever looked at any photos anywhere, I got up the nerve to

get down to business. First, I made sure there was a lock on the door. I locked it. I slid open the magazine cabinet. On top of the mags was a brochure: The Facts About Donating Semen.

I sat on the chaise and opened it to the first page. "First-time donors may have initial difficulty achiev-

(continued on page 41)





 Drivers can pick out a new model every year.

Alarm systems do a job that most women don't. A car never lies.



• Fixing flats is a pleasure.



CONFESSIONS

Women Reveal Their Intimate Secrets and Fantasies!

1-900-226-0006 Romantic Adventures \$2/min.

1-900-726-1223 Women's Personal Secrets \$2/min.

1-900-990-0006
Confession Playmates—
Connect with other callers \$2/min.

1-900-990-0024 Ladies Romance \$2/min.

1-900-726-1314 Feminine Love \$2/min.

LIVE HOT-TALK!

1-800-677-FOXY (3699)

VISA/MC BILLED AS SIERRA COMMUNICATIONS \$1.99/MIN.

ONE-ON-ONE LIVE!

1-900-726-1161
TALK TO A NEW FRIEND!
PRIVATE ONE-ON-ONE!

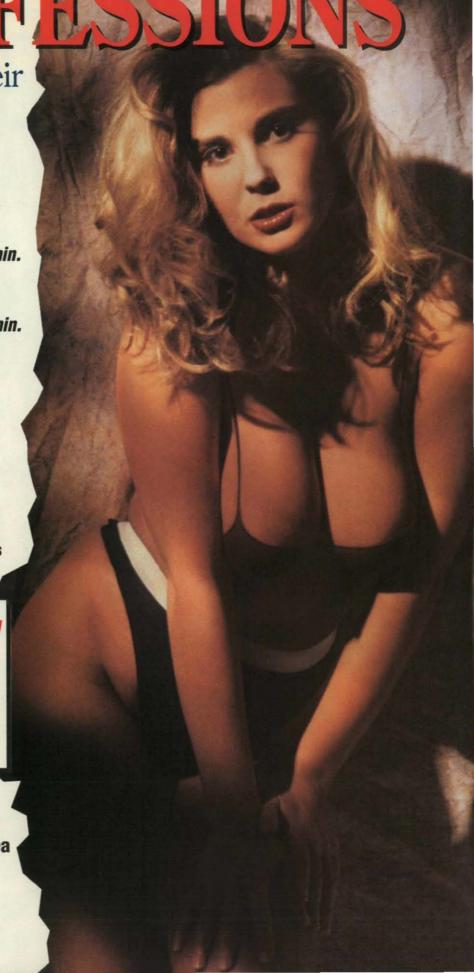
\$2.95/MIN.

Also,

1-900-726-MEET (6338)

Meet women in your local area who want to meet you!

ADULTS ONLY



A dipstick can be used





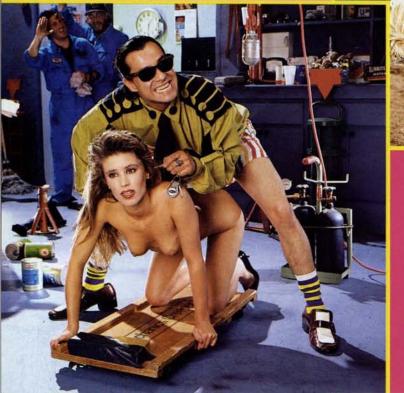
Washing and waxing is not

Oconvenient instrument panels make



Any destination is simple to find; just lift her legs behind her ears.

Used models are affordable to even the most cost-conscious consumer.



Oniving these women won't get you home, but it'll get you off!

(continued from page 34)

ing erection. If so, erotic magazines may help."
Relieved that pornography played a crucial



role in the service of medical science, I picked up a HUSTLER. Near the middle I found her—the receptionist's twin sister. Blond. Big tits. Big lips. Legs for days. Up it came. I hurriedly removed my pants and washed up. I grabbed the lube and settled down on the bed with HUSTLER Claire.

Four or five good strokes later, I realized I'd forgotten the cup. I walked across the room

to get it, my engorged dick swinging like a construction crane gone berserk. Greasy lube dripped onto my pants. *Damn.* What could be more fun than to walk out with embarrassing stains? I lay back on the couch, ready to feel better.

Instantly, my right hand was transformed into Claire's red lips. She sucked and tugged on my cock. Thrust me deep in her throat. She rolled over and spread her creamy ass. Reached out and stroked my balls. Oh, shit—the cup.

Fumbling to catch my squirting seed didn't do a lot for the quality of my cum. I caught it all—what there was of it, at least. I'd hoped to impress with my copious volume, but here was less than half my normal load. I wasn't sure I wanted to impress anybody anymore. I wasn't sure I'd even call to see how I'd done. There wasn't the afterglow of a good fuck, or even the satisfaction of a good jack-off. This was clean-up-and-get-the-hell-out time.

I wasn't so embarrassed when I spent the \$50 that night. I wasn't embarrassed at all when I was broke and hungry again. If I hadn't called the next day, I'd have never met Bertha.

The clinic paid me \$50 each load on the average. Sometimes I got as much as \$60, but that's when I put off the donation a day or two longer than my usual once-weekly visit. Doctor Covert limited donors to once a week. He wanted us to leave some for the girls. He winked as he said it.

After I'd been a regular for about six weeks, Cindy left me in the fern room with instructions to wait for a talk from Dr. Covert before I made my deposit. The good doctor arrived with a redhaired woman he introduced as Alice. Alice was Bertha's mistress. I was such a prized donor, said Dr. Covert, that the clinic would like to help me increase my semen volume and—another wink—have some fun along the way.

That's when they first mentioned Bertha. Actually, they called it an electro-ejaculator. It didn't sound like much fun right away. There was talk of probes. Sizes and shapes.

I don't remember much about the technical details. My memories before Bertha are vague. Since Bertha came into my life, I'm always a lit-

tle dizzy. The sticky residue of a mind-bending orgasm clogs my brain. With Bertha, I reach previously unexplored orgasmic dimensions. We boldly go where no cock has gone before. People who say "I really came hard" don't know shit—unless they've tried Bertha.

I was squeamish the first time. Between having the probe stuck up my butt and Alice sitting at my side waiting to catch my squirts, I had doubts about the success of the adventure. But once the electro-ejaculator was turned on, I didn't have a whole lot to say about what my dick did. With increasing waves of pleasure, my cock swelled like a carnival balloon. Every nerve in my crotch did cartwheels with pleasure. My balls jumped off the table and quickly expelled every drop of cum I had, down to the last single seed. The procedure was over in less than two minutes. I was as limp as if there were no bones left in my body. Pure jelly. Speechless. In love with my machine.

Alice puttered around, capping the donation cup and getting it into the protective water bath. I didn't want it to be over. She handed me a warm washcloth and gently extracted the probe from my rectum. I was too spent to talk. She pulled a comforter up over my torso and sat down beside me. Taking my hand for a quick pulse check, she said, "Quite an experience, isn't it?" I nodded weakly, wondering if she'd let me spend the night with Bertha.

"Good as it was, you'll be surprised how

much better it gets as we work together to find the right probe for you and the correct pulse combinations," she added. I grunted. Could I at least have a few moments alone with Bertha, to say goodbye?

"We have 12 different sizes of probes in varying lengths and thicknesses. The one we used today is the smallest. You'll probably want to work your way up gradually until you feel uncomfortable with either the length or thickness, then we'll drop down a step, and that will be your probe. I can make the probe vibrate, and I can change the frequency and duration of the electrical pulses. We'll find out what you like best. Of course, this means you'll need to be open with me about it. I can't read your mind, but I can make some pretty good guesses."

Was it Bertha talking? I cast a loving eye on the glistening metal machine. When Alice later found the size and shape of probe I liked best, we jokingly called it Bertha, because it was the largest they had.

She strings me out now. Keeps me quivering on the verge of coming for ten or 20 minutes before she pushes me over the edge. I reward her with gushers of goo that make my teenage squirts look pathetic. These days Alice keeps an extra cup at hand to catch the overflow. I'm totally at her mercy. The clinic is the only home I ever want to have. I couldn't stop from coming if I wanted to—and believe me, I don't.



"I can't get it up!"













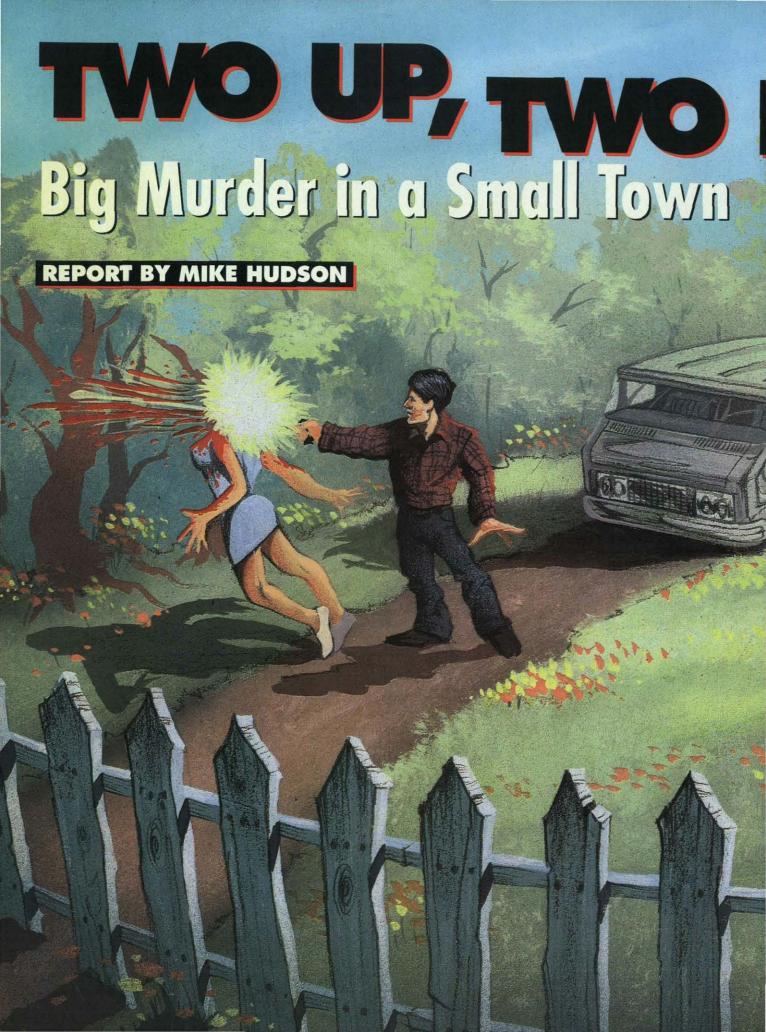


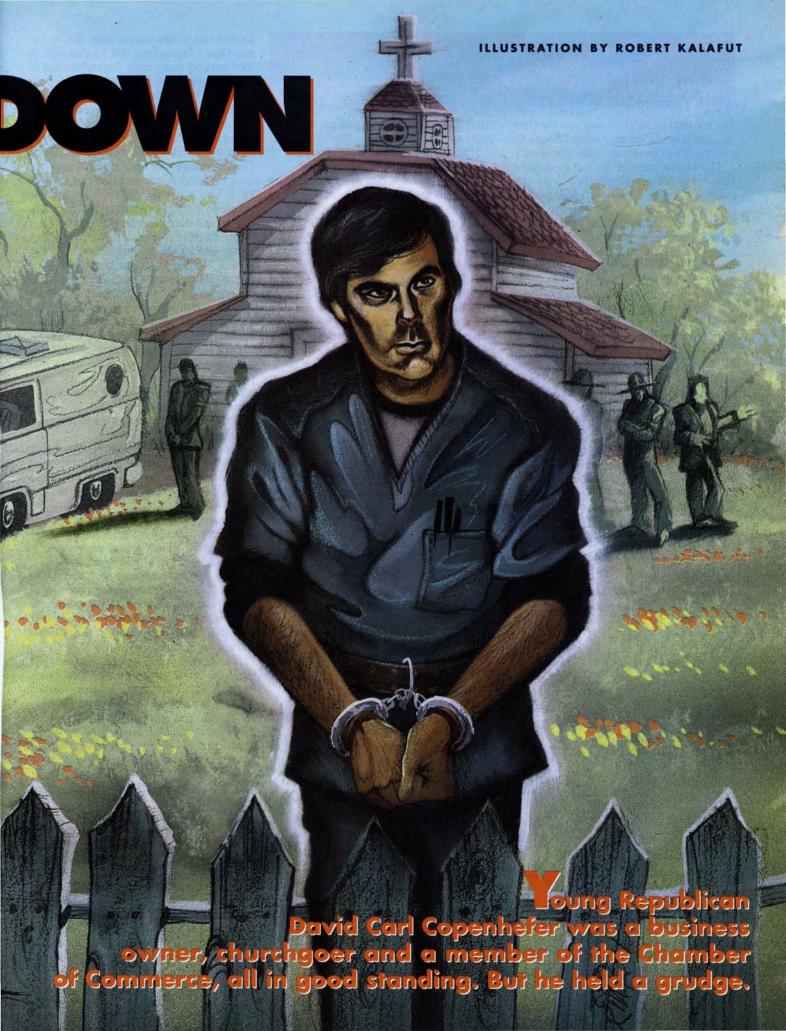












BIG MURDER

"I've been kidnapped," Sally said. "They're holding a gun at my head, and if you don't do what they say, they're going to cut off my hands."

The hot summer sun beat down on the clearing, and a gentle breeze rustled through the treetops. It was about two, Friday afternoon.

The woman was sobbing. Her executioner, after removing her handcuffs and the tape covering her eyes, handed her a Kleenex from the box on the dash of the mini-van.

She thanked him, choking back the tears. Sally Elaine Weiner, attractive wife of a bank branch manager in rural Corry, Pennsylvania, was about to die.

She sat in the open side door of the van, her feet dangling to the ground. Some oil from underneath the vehicle stuck to the backs of her legs, between the knees and the ankles. She cried and cried.

But he couldn't hear her anymore. He knew what he was going to do, and he went through the motions as he had done in his mind so many times before. He stood her up and moved her out in front of him, reaching back onto the front seat for the Colt Python.

He directed her toward where the clearing ended and the woods began. In the shade of the big oak trees he raised the weapon to the back of her head and fired. Her feet went out from under her, and she fell on her back. The blood went out of her face, and she stared vacantly toward the heavens.

"Two up, two down," he said to himself.

Nothing like this had ever happened in Corry, a tiny town nestled in the deer and bear country of the Allegheny foothills.

As the churches filled up Sunday morning, people talked of little else, particularly at the First Presbyterian Church. Sally Weiner and her husband, Harry, were members.

Sally had been missing since Friday, and people were saying all kinds of things.

David Carl Copenhefer, a well-to-do bookstore owner flanked in the pew by his wife, Patricia, and their 11-year-old son, had known the Weiners as well as anyone in town. The Copenhefers and the Weiners had been members of the same prayer chain and marriageencounter groups at the church. The families had been introduced by the Reverend John Robison, pastor at the First Presbyterian.

Robison had known David Copenhefer years ago in Ohio, and had encouraged him to move to Corry.

Robison knew of Copenhefer's all-American background. As a member of the Young

Republicans he had worked as an aide to former Ohio Congressman Bill McCullough. A hard-working family man, Copenhefer had fit right into the Corry community, opening his bookstore, joining the Chamber of Commerce and buying a big house in the exclusive Hillcrest subdivision.

Robison also knew of something not so all American in his friend's background. David Carl Copenhefer had been tried and acquitted on a first-degree murder charge in Ohio in 1971. This was a fact not mentioned by the reverend when introducing his friend to bankers and other community leaders.

Up north of town, along an overgrown gravel lane known as Stuart Road, a farmer named Richard Stutzman was making his rounds. He'd planted some acorns in a clearing near an old gas well. He decided to go see how they were doing. When he arrived at the site, he pulled off the roadway and walked back into the woods.

"My first inclination was that somebody had dumped some garbage in there," he told police later. "I started walking toward it, and I noticed hands, sticking straight up in the air. I saw a wristwatch and a ring."

By the time church let out, the clearing was crawling with cops.

On a normal Sunday morning, state police Corporal Chuck Amond would have been with his family at the First Presbyterian. As it was, he hadn't slept since Friday, the day Sally Weiner was kidnapped.

Amond and his wife had also been part of church groups that included both the Copenhefers and the Weiners. When he heard Sally was dead, he was sick to his stomach.

Sally had last been seen by her children Friday afternoon. She'd left for a meeting to arrange a celebration on her banker husband being named Corry's Man of the Year. At least that's what the voice on the telephone had told her.

A couple of hours later, Harry Weiner got a telephone call at the bank from a man identifying himself as Bill Johnson. Weiner listened in horror as a tape of his wife's voice played.

"Harry...I've been kidnapped," she said in a halting monotone. "They're holding a machine gun at my head as I'm reading this, and if you don't do what they say, they're going to cut off my hands."

"I can't believe this is happening," Weiner said aloud.

Sally read the instructions, telling her husband to go out to the parking lot and retrieve a blue gym bag from under one of the cars. "Please hurry," she pleaded as the tape ended.

It was the last time he would hear her voice. She was already dead.

Bank security called the state and city police and the FBI. Cops swooped onto the scene in plainclothes and unmarked cars. Weiner was given the go-ahead to pick up the blue bag.

Inside was some kind of electronic device in



"I ain't Eve! I be Ruby, and it's gonna cost you!"

Wecetin. Palm Beach

BIG MURDER

Wood collected maggots that had taken up residence in the woman's ear. The development of the blowfly can determine a time of death.

a brown-plastic box, a brown-plastic garbage bag and a computer-generated ransom note:

"FOLLOW OUR INSTRUCTIONS EX-ACTLY— OR YOUR FAMILY WILL DIE! IF YOU DO NOT FOLLOW OUR ORDERS WE WILL KILL HER. SHE WILL DIE A SLOW, PAINFUL AND HORRIBLE DEATH. WE WILL TAKE DAYS TO TORTURE HER. AND WE WILL FINISH BY CUTTING HER INTO MANY PIECES AND YOU'LL NEVER FIND ENOUGH TO BURY."

Weiner was to fill the gym bag with fifties and hundreds, and the garbage bag with tens and twenties, then load the bags in the trunk of his car. The total was to be at least \$90,000, the note said. He was then to go to the Radio Shack store near the bank and pick up two walkie-talkies waiting there in his name.

"SET ONE RADIO TO CHANNEL 31 AND TAPE DOWN THE SEND BUTTON. THIS WAY, WE CAN HEAR EVERY-THING YOU SAY IN YOUR CAR."

The other radio was to be turned to Channel 6, and Weiner was to follow a set of directions, driving to a remote railroad overpass to await instructions from the kidnappers.

"WE WILL BE WATCHING YOU ALL

WILL DIE!"

He picked up the radios and began driving the prescribed route, stopping just once, behind an auto-parts store, to pick up two heavily armed lawmen who laid on the floor of the

On Saturday, police search teams began turning up drop notes. The first was found near the overpass where Weiner had awaited the kidnapper's instructions the day before.

"YOU HAVE HEARD FROM YOUR WIFE. DO NOT THINK WE ARE KID-DING," it began. "WE HAVE DONE THIS NINE TIMES IN THE LAST THREE YEARS. SEVEN OF THE FAMILIES ARE ALIVE. TWO OF THE MANAGERS CALLED THE COPS, AND THEIR FAMI-LIES ARE DEAD."

The note directed Weiner to a more remote location, where another note was found by

THE TIME. IF YOU ARE FOLLOWED OR IF YOU DON'T FOLLOW OUR INSTRUC-TIONS, YOUR WIFE WILL START SUF-FERING AND DYING. CALL THE COPS OR TRY TO SCREW WITH US, AND ALL

car and accompanied him to the overpass. The kidnapper never contacted them.

U.Kor

"And do you, Marie, promise to suck Fred's cock till it comes out of your ass?"

police. That note contained instructions to a third location.

Had they been followed, the fourth note would have led Weiner on foot, carrying the bags of money, down a cow path on a farm in one of the most rural sections of northwestern Pennsylvania. It was there, Corporal Chuck Amond reasoned, that Weiner would have

Two up, two down.

By the time the FBI got around to calling Harry Weiner, his wife's corpse was being gone over by a team of forensic experts flown in from Washington, D.C., and the state capitol in Harrisburg. Longtime Erie County Coroner Merle Wood had never seen anything

The bullet, fired point-blank, had blown a one-inch hole in the back of the skull. Still, Sally Weiner had not died instantly. Certain centers in the base of the brain control the circulatory and respiratory functions. Once these are destroyed, life ceases. But the bullet fired into the back of Sally Weiner's head missed these centers, exploding into fragments that fanned out from the point of entry.

Because the victim had not died instantly, establishing a time of death would be difficult. Using a metal spatula, Wood collected some maggots that had taken up residence deep inside the dead woman's ear. The development of the common blowfly-from egg to maggot to fly-takes place according to a strict timetable that can help determine a time of death.

The brain was removed and strained through an instrument that resembled a kitchen strainer, turning up a large part of the bullet's metal jacket and three small pieces of blue plastic.

Other than the fact that Sally Weiner had been neither beaten nor sexually molested, the only item of interest noted by Wood were marks, looking like tar or oil, on the backs of her legs, between the knees and the ankles.

Back at the state police barracks, things broke fast. A routine FBI background check on David Carl Copenhefer-who had recently been turned down for a business loan by Harry Weiner-revealed a previous prosecution for first-degree murder in Ohio.

Chuck Amond couldn't believe it. He lived just four doors down from the son of a bitch!

The Ohio case was eerily similar to the Weiner investigation. Copenhefer had been arrested for the slaying of a business associate, in what the prosecution said was an attempt to collect more than \$450,000 in life insurance.

The victim was found along a wooded road in a remote part of southwestern Ohio, shot nine times in the back of the head with a .38 caliber weapon and run over by an automobile.

Copenhefer was acquitted after police lost evidence before the trial, failed to read him his Miranda rights and botched a tape recording of a post-arrest interview.

(continued on page 62)



"It was bound to happen...a cardboard box of ill repute!"

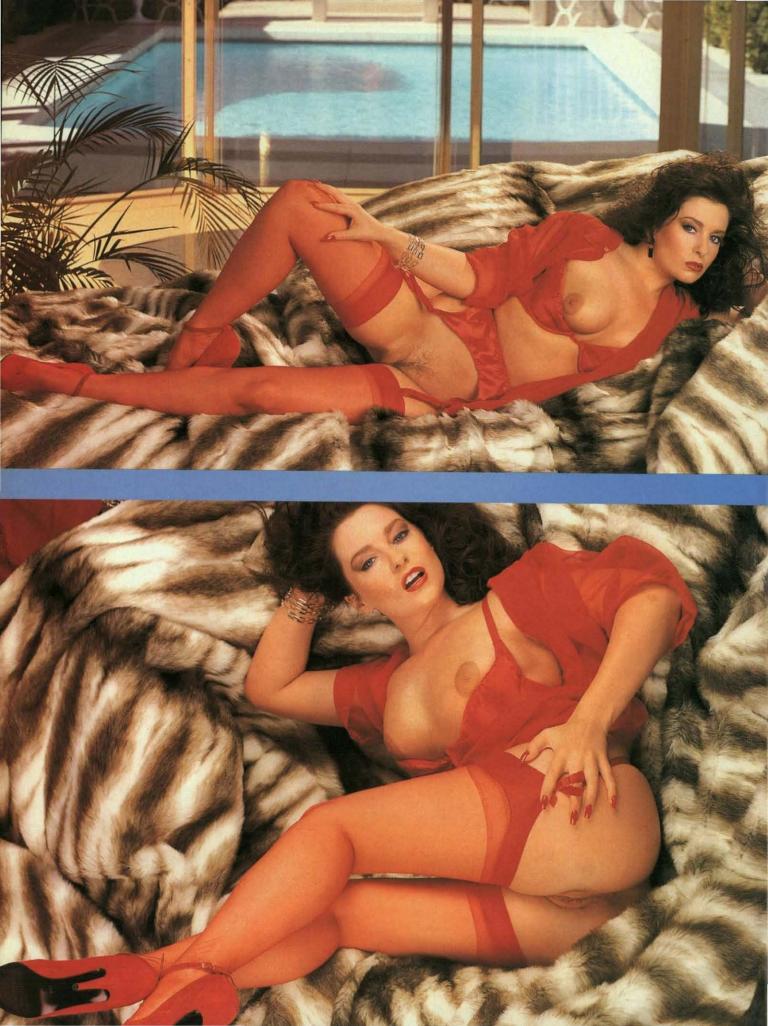
"Some men think it's dangerous to give a girl everything she wants," explains 22-year-old Angelica, a fitness instructor from Palm Beach, Florida. "They think maybe she'll get bored and split. But let me tell you, it's not a problem in my case. I'm the type that never gets enough!"



angelica



lap of luxury











BIG MURDER (continued from page 54)

"If you get a death penalty on him," Bradley said, "and I'm still alive, give me a call if you need somebody to pull the switch."

The FBI contacted the chief investigator in the case, former sheriff Russell Bradley. Bradley, long since retired, remembered Copenhefer as the "big one that got away."

In more than 30 years as a lawman, the 1971 Copenhefer case had been the only murder that remained unsolved when Bradley retired, and it bothered him.

"If you get a death penalty on him," Bradley said, "and I'm still alive, give me a call if you need somebody to pull the switch."

Chuck Amond was ordered to go home and keep an eye on his neighbor. The FBI felt certain that Copenhefer was their man.

As Amond drove down the street, he saw Copenhefer in his front yard, scrubbing what looked to be road tar from the sides of his Dodge mini-van. Amond thought of the fresh tar along Stuart Road near where the body was found.

Later that day, Amond saw the suspect coming up his driveway. "He came up and was standing on the patio, tucking in his shirt and adjusting the dark glasses he was wearing," Amond recalls. "I put on my revolver and went down to see him."

Copenhefer fished for information, talking

about rumors he'd heard concerning the case. Amond listened, but said little.

Then Copenhefer offered some information of his own.

"He said he had some information that Sally Weiner had used drugs," Amond recounts. "He had heard this from Reverend Robison, he said."

Amond's family was in the house, and a suspected killer was on his doorstep. He just wanted to get Copenhefer the hell away from there in a hurry.

"I'll tell you what, Dave," he said. "If you wanted to go up to the barracks, I could call up there and let them know you're coming." But Copenhefer didn't want to go to the barracks. All those police made him nervous, he said.

"Come back in an hour," Amond said. "I'll have them come down here."

When Copenhefer left, Amond called his partner, Trooper Carl Buckshaw, and told him to come over. He put his wife and kids and dog in the car and sent them to stay at the home of another trooper.

Copenhefer came back. He brought his wife and son. He told Amond and Buckshaw

that John Robison had told him Sally Weiner had used cocaine at one time. Now that she had been murdered, you never knew how drugs might have figured.

Amond, Buckshaw and Copenhefer then got into Buckshaw's unmarked cruiser and drove to Robison's home.

"I commented he'd been washing his van all day but he still hadn't got all the oil off," Amond says. "He said he got it visiting some friends in the country."

Things were going to shit fast for David Carl Copenhefer. As he rode in the back of Buckshaw's police cruiser, an FBI agent put another nail in his coffin across town.

Garbage pickup at Copenhefer's bookstore was on Monday morning. That Sunday night, Special Agent Kim Kelly found three bags in the alley behind the store. You don't need a warrant to search garbage, once it's been put out.

Kelly took the bags back to the state police barracks and went through them. Three tornup slips of paper—entry forms for a Chamber of Commerce promotion—caught his eye.

There was writing on the backs of the forms. Kelly put the shreds together like a jig-saw puzzle. On one was a crude sketch, a map showing the locations of some of the drop notes. The other two were handwritten lists of things to get and do.

"In van," one of the notations read. "Rope, cuffs, covers (head and body)."

There were references to "radios," "poles and flags," "blank tape," and "Nova," the brand name of a popular electronic stun gun.

After meeting with Robison, Amond and Buckshaw dropped Copenhefer off at his house and went back to the barracks. With the notes Kelly found, they had enough evidence to arrest Copenhefer. At two the next morning, backed by a platoon of heavily armed lawmen, Amond and Buckshaw returned to the Copenhefer house.

Amond knocked on the front door, and Copenhefer answered, wearing shorts and a Tshirt. After he let them in, Copenhefer tried to close the door.

"You better leave it open, Dave," Amond said. Copenhefer looked outside.

Amond noticed a Colt .45 automatic, cocked, in a holster on a stairway near the front door.

"I'm going to take that," he said.

Copenhefer put his hands up and leaned up against the wall. "I've got another one in here, Chuck." he said.

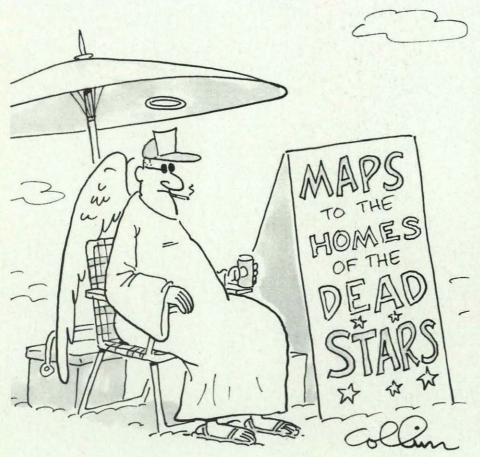
Underneath his T-shirt, in the waistband of his shorts, was a .380 Walther PPK. Buckshaw lifted the weapon.

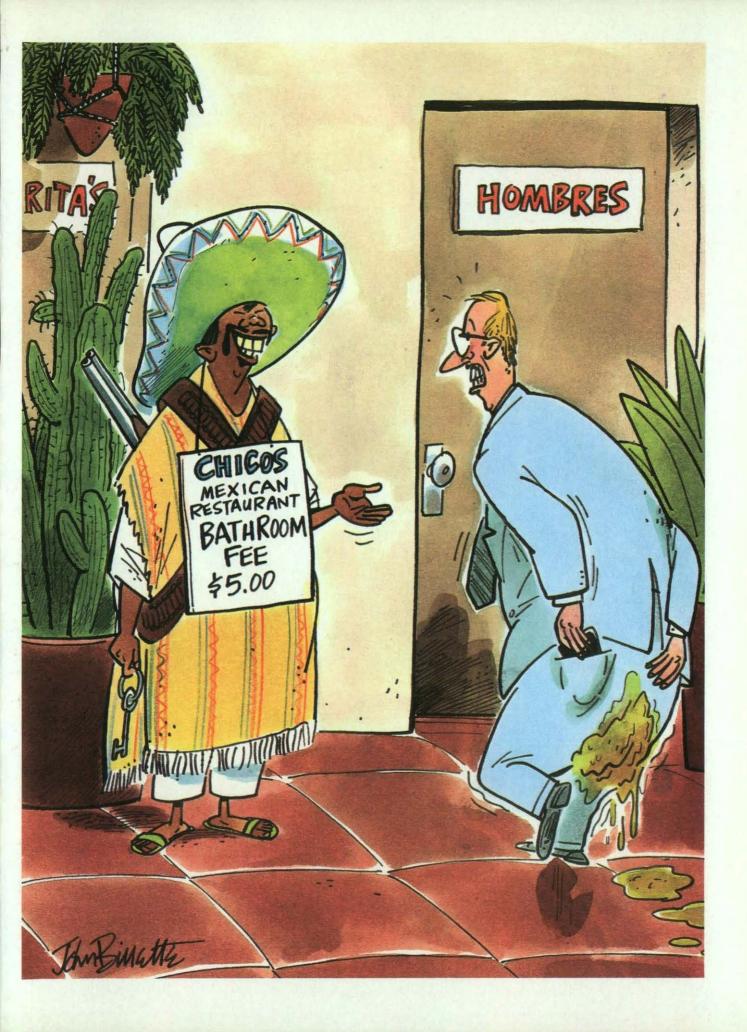
"Why all the guns, Dave?" he asked.

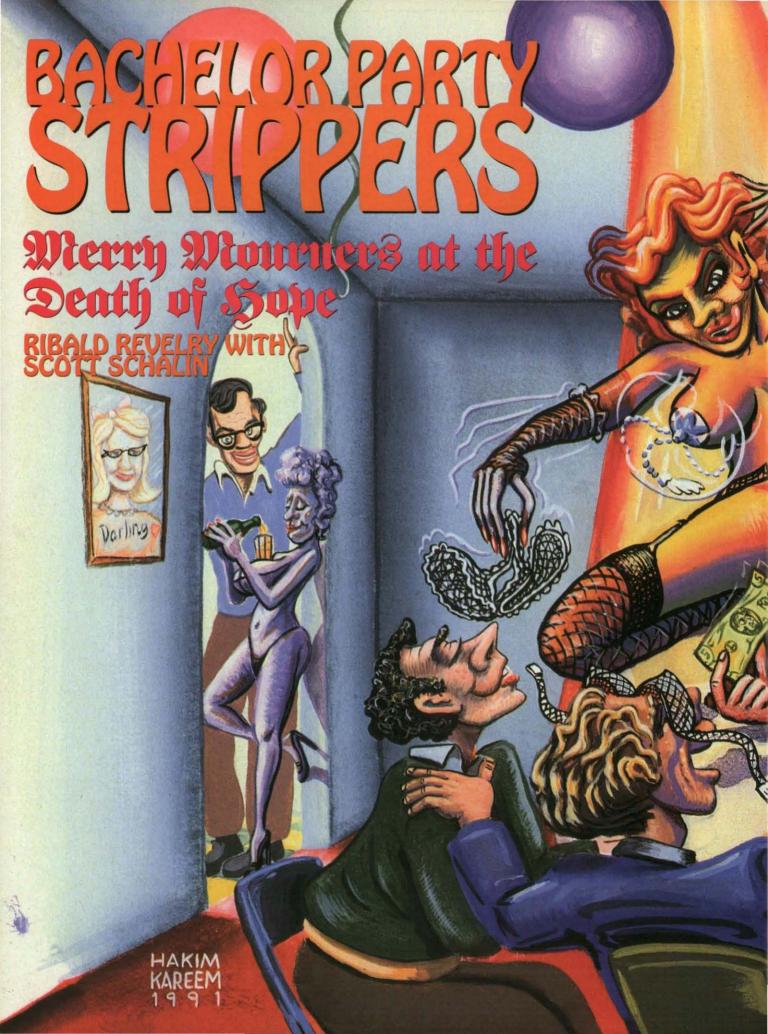
"You never know who's going to come knocking at your door," Copenhefer smiled.

Amond called in the search team as he unloaded the pistols. The bullet in the chamber of each gun had a blue-plastic tip on it.

(continued on page 80)









BATCH PARTIES

The woman gets nude and poises her ass about a foot from the bachelor's face, giving him a sniff that'll have Scruffy wagging his tail in envy.

A tanned and toned blonde lies unabashedly naked on the living-room floor, her almond skin in contrast against puke-brown shag carpeting. A roomful of salivating men wave most of their weekly earnings as the tease provides a bird's-eye view of that which dreams are made.

She rises and, with tits that defy gravity, struts over to the man of the hour. The soon-to-be ex-bachelor sits in his favorite recliner, being anything but a lazy boy. She sops up his facial perspiration with her breasts. He reaches around and spreads her ass cheeks wide, giving the crowd a quick, browneyed wink. Pulling away with a coy smile, the lady toasts the man's upcoming castration with a wet kiss before dressing and disappearing into the night.

The bachelor party represents the single man's final gasp for air, the last-chance filling station on the way to the desert of matrimony. While some guys prefer a low-key evening of the old drink and purge, inhome parties have emerged as a more climactic manner of ending the fruitful years.

Traditionally, the bachelor's closest friends organize this totemistic rite of pas-

sage. One woman or five? Full nude or lingerie? Party games or just dancing? Plenty of vein-hardening alternatives must be considered when planning the event.

Finding raunchy-entertainment services can be as easy as opening a phone directory. Nude dancers in many cities are listed under Dancing, Entertainment and sometimes even Stripping. Local X-rated publications such as *L.A. Express* in Los Angeles or *Screw* magazine in New York offer greater options.

Like pricing a good plumber, make several calls. Shopping around will provide a barometer of price, duration and activities included. Some agencies advertise "erotic entertainment," and turn out nothing more than a limp, 15-minute lingerie strip that will have the groom and his buddies begging for their money back.

For admirers of all things pink, agencies in the more liberally corrupted cities offer a party girl for an hour's worth of full-nude entertainment at an average cost of just under \$200. Split the base cost between a few friends, and everyone, not just the bachelor, becomes part of the gash-grind action.

When assembling a guest list, agencies recommend having enough guys present to allow for ample tipping. Many agencies require a minimum of six people, which makes for a more enthusiastic performance on the part of the stripper. On the other hand, too many guys could intimidate the stripper and affect the performance. Avoiding a frat-party atmosphere is desirable.

Many larger agencies allow the party's organizer to view a portfolio of girls ahead of time. If the marrying man has always wanted a blond, suntanned bunny or a dark, big-boned Italian with a full set of ruby lips, either can be arranged.

In most areas, the basic format of the show is similar. The professional prepares in a back room of the house by rubbing oil into her skin to add tone and luster to breasts and buttocks.

The woman enters the party room, and the show begins. The dancer's driver will usually play premixed music on a boom box. Some strippers provide their own lighting, often a red bulb in a portable lamp, to add to the ambience.

An hour strip often breaks into three sets, beginning with a standard tease. The woman slowly peels, perhaps allowing the bachelor a snap at her garters before she swoops down, snatching with her mouth or boobs dollar bills that friends have strategically placed on the bachelor.

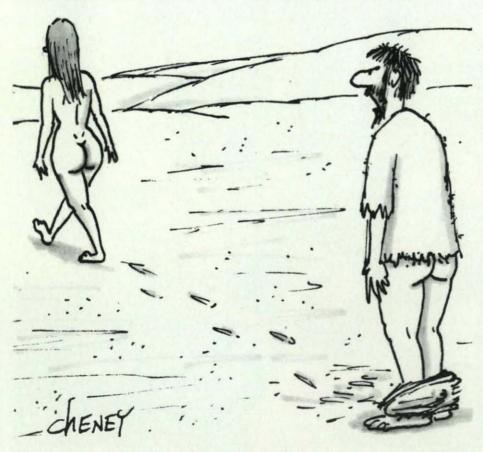
After a song or two, the woman retreats to the makeshift dressing room for a quick outfit change into the requisite pussy floss and returns to slice into the meat of the performance. She quickly gets totally nude and poises her ass about a foot from the bachelor's face, giving him a sniff that'll have Scruffy wagging his tail in envy.

She then lies on the floor in a variety of poses, stroking her well-coiffed quim. Her fingers diddle the labia open, allowing the men a hindsight look at their prebirth origins.

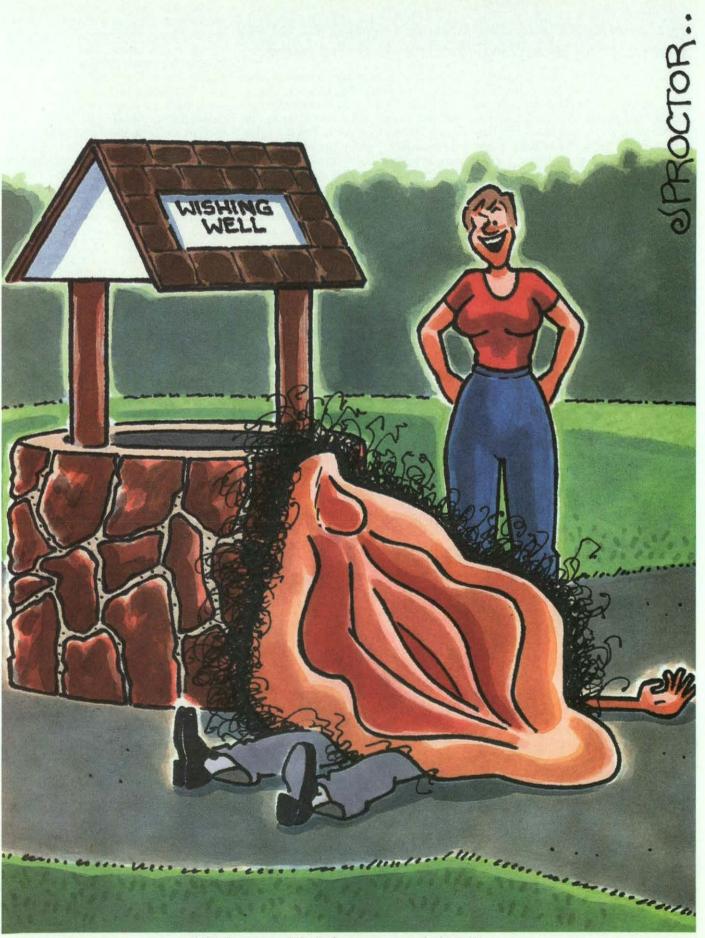
Party games are usually an option but, of course, cost additional tips. A preparatory trip to the ATM will ensure a mouthwatering good time.

A whip-cream lick is common. The doll will squirt creamy goo onto her nipples, ass cheeks or pubes and allow adventurers to lick it off for \$5. Sometimes a stripper won't mind a quick darting of tongue against her clit or a slurp on her pebble nips.

Many services offer a twist on the standard golden shower. For upward of \$10 per person, a babe pours an ice-cold beer down her torso as she leans back like an island native going for the limbo record, with her legs spread and bent at the knees. The bachelor lies on his back and focuses on the beer as it swirls around her navel and descends through her widespread trough and into the gaping mouth that waits below.



"Wait a minute—if you're just a mirage, then why didn't you let me come in your mouth?"



"Ha! Serves you right for having pussy on the brain!"

BATCH PARTIES

The bachelor lies in a pit filled with whip cream. A woman shoots cream on the man's body before diving in for a little game of find the cherry.

Usually the climactic game, formidably titled "feed the kitty" pits capitalism against pussy. Ten- or 20-dollar bills are rolled up and placed between the participant's cheek and gums while he lies prostate on the floor. The stripper hovers over the man's face, giving him a gynecological view as she drops to his mug, spreading her pussy lips as wide as her pliability will allow to bury that Hamilton or Jackson green deep within her pink.

Deviations on the standard party themes depend on the agency and the city. Fantasia, in Los Angeles, stages a whip-cream wrestling competition to rival the WWF for around \$350 (with strip and standard games included). The bachelor dresses in shorts and lies in a 10x10 pit that's been filled with whip cream. A hard-bodied woman wearing nothing more than a T-back (an even slighter version of the G-string) enters the ring and shoots her cream on the man's body before diving into the sea of stickiness for a little game of find the cherry.

In some states, costumes and scenarios help enhance the tease. Characters such as a pizza-delivery girl, wet nurse, stranded motorist or conservative businesswoman add a little drama to the plain-wrap strip.

Captain Telegram in Florida offers 30 different women and almost as many scenarios, according to owner Roger Hughes. A former Bible peddler, Hughes describes a popular scenario involving a bag lady and a female cop that runs \$240 for the hour.

As the male-bonding party moves along, an old bag lady crashes the proceedings. "She claims that the bachelor promised he'd marry her years ago, only to get her pregnant and leave her broke in the streets," explains Hughes. Naturally, the unwitting bachelor wants her removed from his house, but she insists the story is true and begins undressing to "jog his memory." Surprise! She's actually a gorgeous babe.

After a few dances, the men figure the show is over, but a female cop shows up and blows saliva into her silvery whistle before handcuffing the bachelor for promoting illicit activities.

The stripper intervenes and challenges the cop to perform a tease of her own. The cop strips to her locker-room garb, grinding her naked ass into the living-room floor. But that's about as far as these shows go. Many agencies do, however, offer shows involving two or more girls that lead to potentially hard-core action. A confidential agency in L.A. charges \$400 for a double-header. Two women strip and culminate the performance with a "simulated lesbian love act." One femme peels off the other's lingerie during a shamanistic sort of love dance; the beauties collapse in minor cunnilingus and breast-lapping. For \$50 more, the show will climax with a "real love act," during which dildos are inserted into love canals prejuiced with pearly froth.

For cunny connoisseurs, porn women and centerfold models are becoming available for home use. Agencies such as Triple XXXTasy in Los Angeles and Celebrity Centerfolds in New York offer several celebrity cooze kittens, for \$500 to \$750 per hour. Triple XXXTasy will even play videos of the chosen starlet in hard-core action as she shows off her best side mere inches from the VCR.

The imaginary fourth wall quickly crumbles as Nikki Wilde, for instance, simultaneously takes a load on her ample chest during the beach scene in *House of Dreams* and bends over a Levitz sofa, begging to be debauched as whip cream flows like semen over her enlarged areolas.

With the skill of a painter, the bachelor's tongue brushes away the sticky goo, creating a picture that, for an additional \$100 and a signed release, can be captured on video with the help of Triple XXXTasy's operator, George Christenson, as the bachelor stars in his very own home movie. It should provide an adequate souvenir of better times when the former bachelor succumbs to tedious weekends showing tapes of his child's first haircut to nagging in-laws.

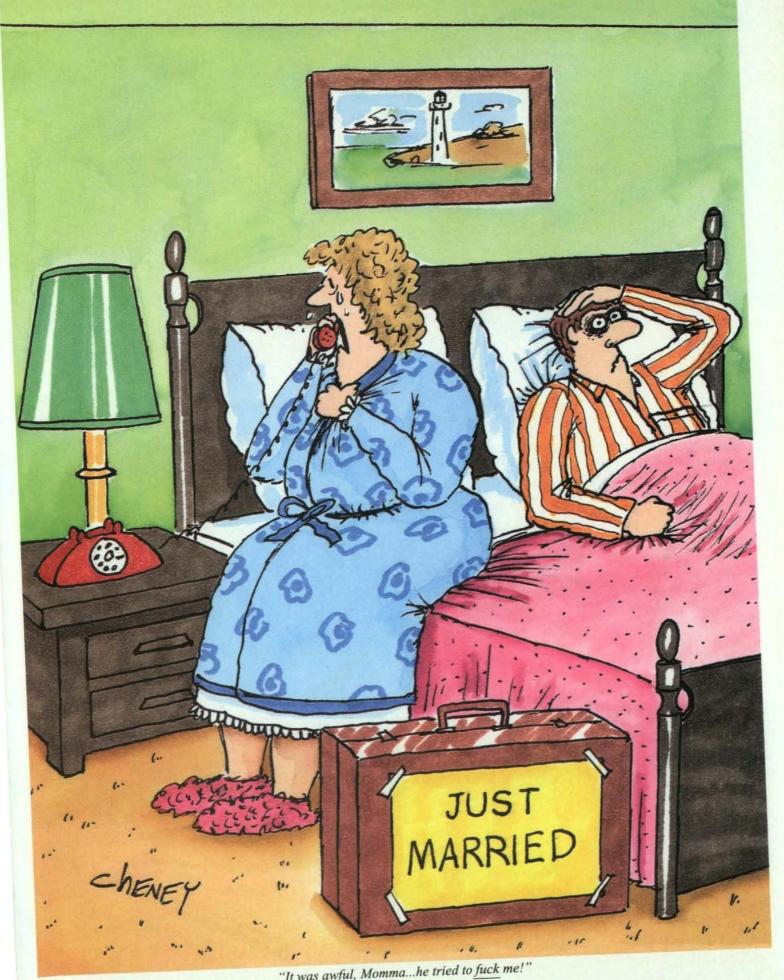
An understandably fatigued Nikki Wilde provides her perspective on the principles of the bachelor party: "I like to have fun at a party too," she says. "I like to go out there and rip the bachelor's pants off and let him know that he's special."

As their name suggests, Celebrity Centerfolds in New York specializes in magazine centerfolds as well as some video stars, such as Aja, and can arrange a party in almost any part of the U.S. The home office in New York provides a list of each woman's traveling itinerary to determine who will be in what area when. Prices range from \$265 for a half hour to \$550 for an hour with two girls.

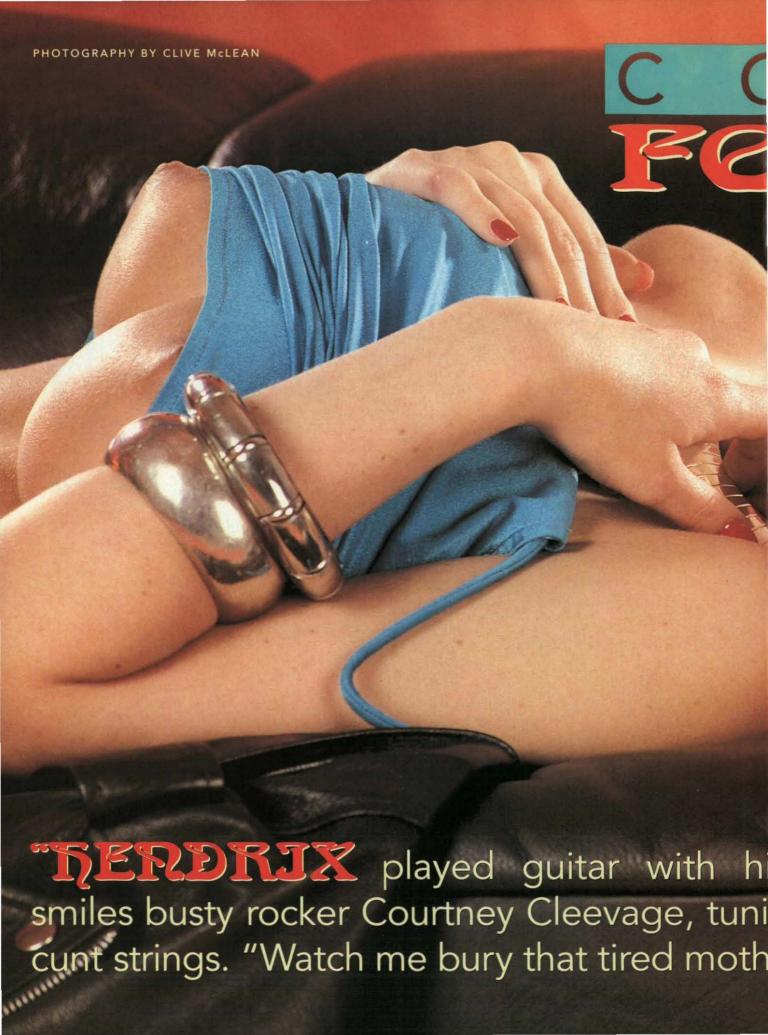
According to Chris Lundquist, who operates the agency, his performers are professionally trained dancers who put on a show with elegant costuming and seasoned choreography. The two-girl extravaganza even climaxes with what Lundquist calls "a re-creation of a lesbian

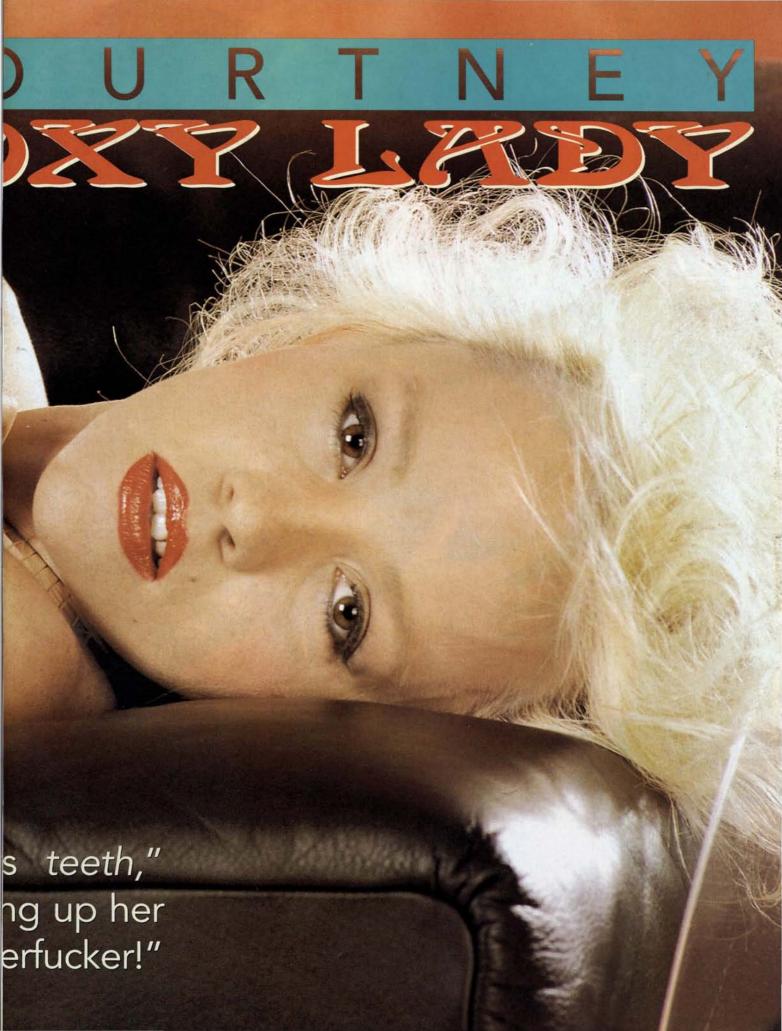
(continued on page 78)



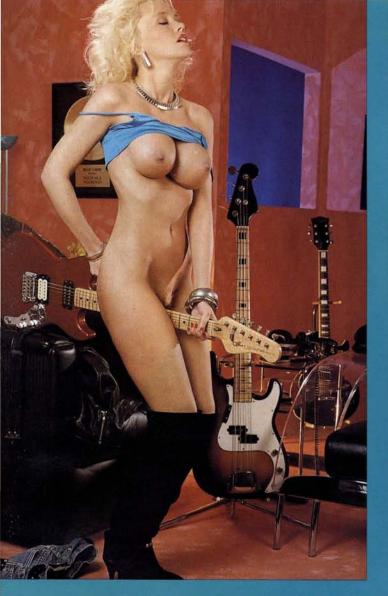


"It was awful, Momma...he tried to fuck me!"



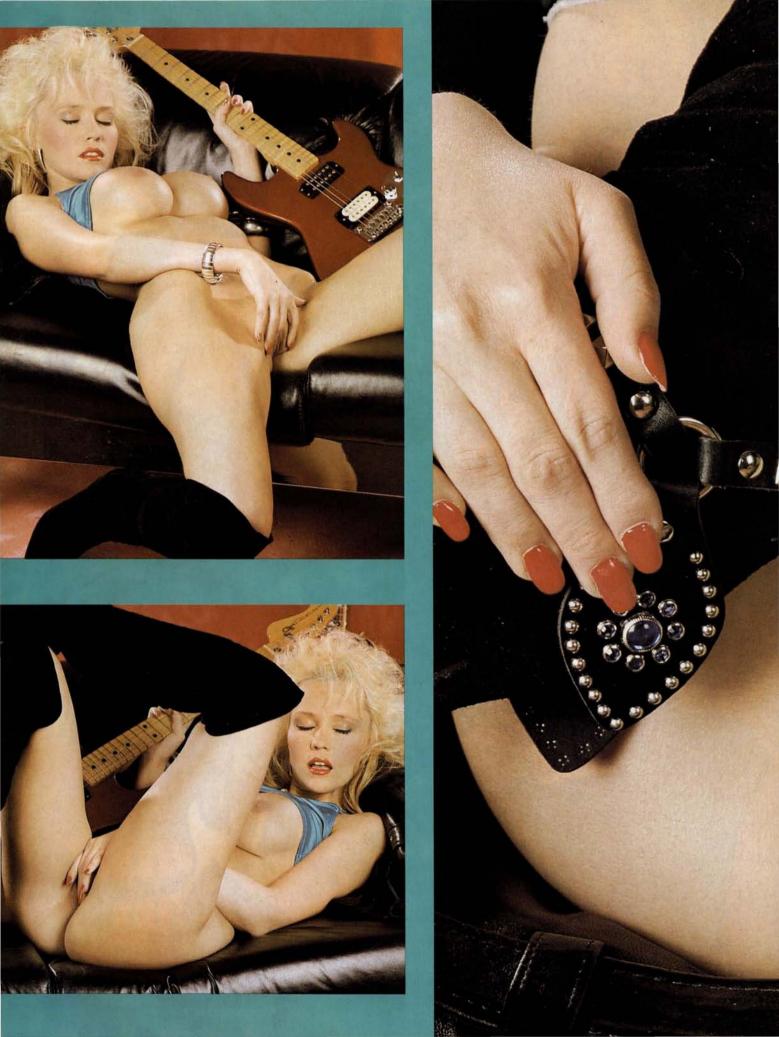




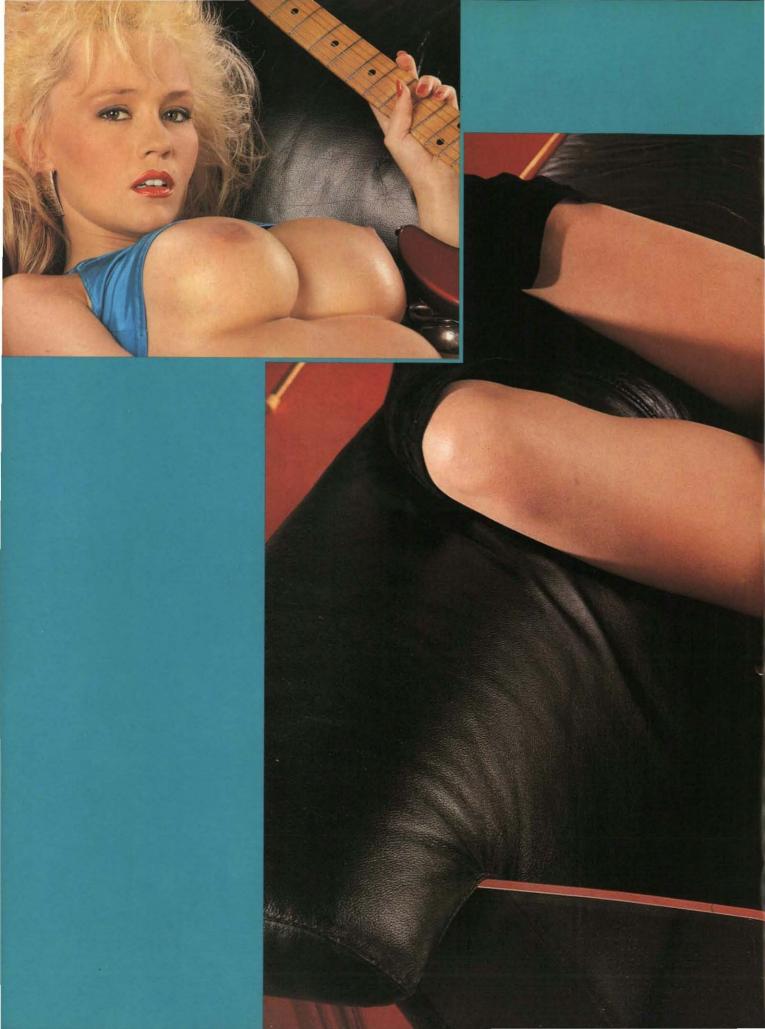


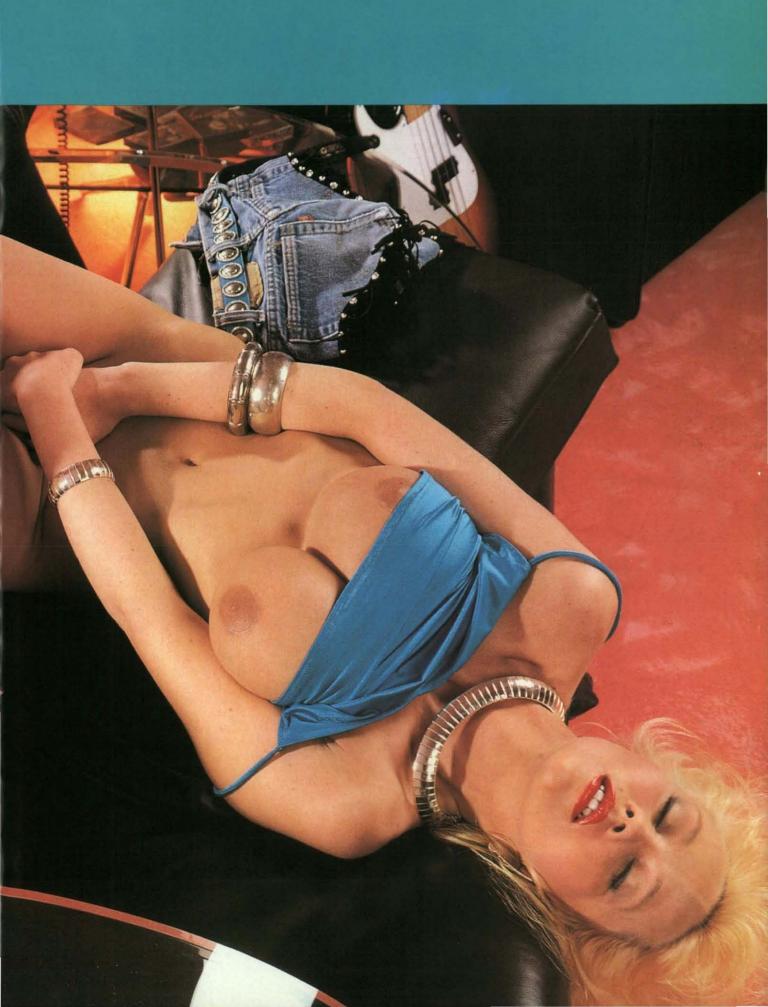












BATCH PARTIES (continued from page 68)

For the minimum fee he'll get a blowjob followed by a one-come penetration in the bed where he and his wife will work on their 2.5 kids.

magazine layout that we put into motion."

Still, none of these agencies allow penetration between audience and performer; most go for light touching of tits and ass, but the furry bull's-eye remains behind the "do not cross" line.

If an agency is licensed, it adamantly discourages sex for cash among employees. The company can lose its license and, even worse, be held for legal repercussions if their girls are found engaging in any cum-valve relief. And yet: "If the girl's a stripper in the first place, she'll probably do just about anything for money," opines a more cynical dancer who demands anonymity.

To ensure sending the bachelor off in a cum-splattering blaze of glory, a little deeper investigation will be necessary.

Escort services are sometimes listed in the Yellow Page directory. Companies that advertise in the X-rated newspapers give good odds that the bachelor will shoot his Budweiser-hardened vein all over the stripper's face or, in this day and age, into a vulcanized condom.

Prices fluctuate from \$200 to \$2,000,

depending on everything from travel distance to pussy quality. At the low end of the scale, some services will send a girl for a \$200 base fee and then an additional \$150 to "take care of the bachelor," as one agency explains.

Yet, most services refuse bachelor-party business, fearing groups of slobbering men looking for a night of wilding. To arrange for an outcall, avoid using the words bachelor or party. Simply request an operative to "service a friend." Once she shows up, even if there is a roomful of men, she'll probably stay and complete the transaction.

Unfortunately, a guaranteed fuck sacrifices the dance and frills of the licensed agencies. For both aspects of the evening done properly, "hire us to come do our dance and warm up the crowd, and then call an outcall service when we leave," advises a taut, marbled-skinned blonde who dances under the name Valerie Lee.

An outcall guarantees sauce for the bachelor's linguini after the dancer has left him ready for what some call love. For the minimum fee he'll get a "half-and-half," which amounts to a quick blowjob fol-

One man, who asked to be called Damon to protect his now-married friend's identity, actually cut right to the chase and hired just an outcall babe in planning his friend's party.

lowed by a one-come penetration in the

bed where a few months later he and his wife will begin working on their 2.5 kids.

"I called a bunch of the escort services listed in L.A. Express," Damon recalls. "Many refused to do parties and offered sex only, but a couple were willing to give a little show as well; so I picked the one with the lowest tag." The price turned out to be \$150 for the strip and an additional \$100 to "make sure the bachelor was satisfied."

The hooker, whom Damon had not seen ahead of time, turned out to be a flaxenhaired slut with a pert, globelike ass. The hooker, being a professional between the sheets rather than on the floor, took off her dress and undergarments in the living room almost as a matter of practice, without much style. She swayed awkwardly to the classic-rock music on the bachelor's FM radio and continued bending and showing off her prize poon while the disc jockey sold auto insurance.

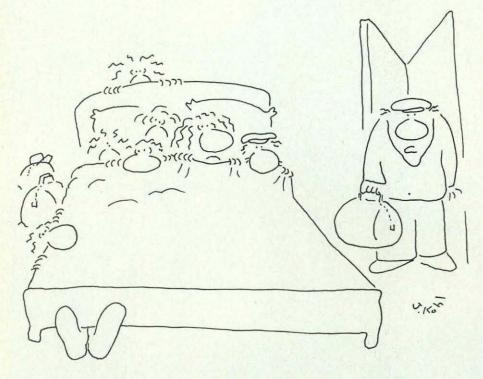
After 15 minutes she stopped her "dance," stood in the middle of his trailerpark home and asked matter-of-factly, "So where do you want to do it?"

Seizing the opportunity, the bachelor took out his dick and let her lap it up right there on the sofa, while Damon and two other chums gathered around in envy. She then did a reverse-cowgirl on his prick, with her ass cheeks slapping his paunch.

After the bachelor shot his load into a condom that she'd surreptitiously placed upon his half-hardened prong, the others slapped their money on the floor, hoping for similar treatment. Although they couldn't ante-up enough for individual attention, she dropped to her knees and began a vigorous uterus-prodding exercise while risking the loss of a fuchsia press-on nail. At the same time, she suggested that the men whip out their dicks and play an impromptu version of the classic "splooge-a-cookie."

As the businesswoman toweled off and collected her cash, she kissed the groomto-be on his already receding forehead and told him to remember her in six to eight months when he'd again be in need of service.

In time, the spousal bond of love and sex will erode, as it almost always does, and his wife will greet him after a hard day's labor in an orange-terrycloth robe and green facial gloop. But at least as he sits down with last night's reheated chicken breasts and a can of generic beer, he can look out upon the living-room floor and smile sentimentally with the remembrance of paradise lost.



"I can't understand it...the night of the big tournament, and the team didn't show.'



"Mr. Swartz, the tests show you're not impotent. Your penis is just scared to death!".

BIG MURDER (continued from page 62)

"From another room, the executioner turns a switch, and 1,800 volts pass through the body. The shock raises him in spite of the restraints."

From jail, Copenhefer continued to generate headlines.

A cellmate at the Erie County Prison told authorities that Copenhefer tried to hire him to murder Harry Weiner and the FBI agent Kelly, with hand grenades placed under the gas tanks of their cars.

The cellmate, a convicted heroin dealer named Daniel Verosko, had met Copenhefer as the accused killer drew a map of a human skull to show other prisoners how a person could be shot in the back of the head in such a way that they would not die instantly.

In the months before the trial, Copenhefer fired as incompetent seven different lawyers who had been assigned to the case.

By the time the case came to trial, he was being represented by two of the best attorneys in the state, David Ridge and Dennis Williams. For the most part, he refused to speak to them. His story was that he had seen a man throw a blue bag under a car in the bank parking lot, picked the bag up and followed the instructions in the note. That, he said, explained his fingerprints on two of the notes.

The prosecution, led by Erie County Dis-

trict Attorney William Cunningham, argued that the case was a botched kidnapping attempt. Cunningham presented more than 300 pieces of physical—although circumstantial—evidence, including the notes from the garbage, Copenhefer's fingerprints on two of the drop-site notes, and the unusual blueplastic-tipped Glaser Safety Slug ammunition used in the killing.

There was the oil Copenhefer's van picked up, Cunningham argued, on Friday afternoon along Stuart Road as Copenhefer drove Sally Weiner to the secluded clearing where he murdered her.

The most damning evidence came from two personal computers, seized from Copenhefer's home and bookstore.

"Contrary to popular belief, you cannot erase something you've written on a word processor simply by deleting it," states FBI agent Al Johnson. "When the user hits delete, it simply removes it from the visible directory. That file remains there, hidden from view, until another file is placed over it."

Johnson spent three months working on the computers. Examining every byte of space on both of them, he turned up 16 pages of docu-

ments, including six versions of the ransom note and the text of the telephone call made by Mrs. Weiner to her husband. Also found was a document entitled "The Plan," a 22point blueprint for the kidnapping and murder.

The phrase 2 Up/2 Down appeared twice in the plan, once at the point authorities said Sally Weiner was killed and a second time, when Harry Weiner would have delivered the ransom money.

Cunningham argued that a .308 Winchester, loaded with Glaser Safety Slugs and taken from Copenhefer's home the night of his arrest, would have been used had the plan—and Harry Weiner—been executed successfully.

The jury deliberated more than six hours before returning its guilty verdict.

Defense attorney Ridge begged mercy for his client, providing the jurors with a graphic depiction of death in the electric chair.

"The convict's head has been shaved to provide a better electrical connection, and cotton has been stuffed into his nose to stem the hemorrhage that will eventually occur," he said. "From another room, the executioner turns a switch, and 1,800 volts pass through the condemned man's body. The shock is so powerful, it raises him from the chair like a puppet, in spite of the restraints that hold him down. An instant later, the convict's heart stops, and his blood leaps to a temperature of more than 200°. Within the confines of his brain, the blood literally and actually boils."

Two more electrical shocks, of 200 and 1,200 volts, are then administered, Ridge said.

"When the body has cooled down enough to allow him to touch it, the physician listens with his stethoscope," he said. "When he pronounces the convict legally dead, the body is taken out by a rear door and put into cold storage."

Ridge resorted to the Bible for reasons why his client shouldn't be sentenced to death. "It would be easy to succumb to the mentality of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," he said. "But when Cain slew Abel out of jealousy, God spared his life. An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth is something man decided."

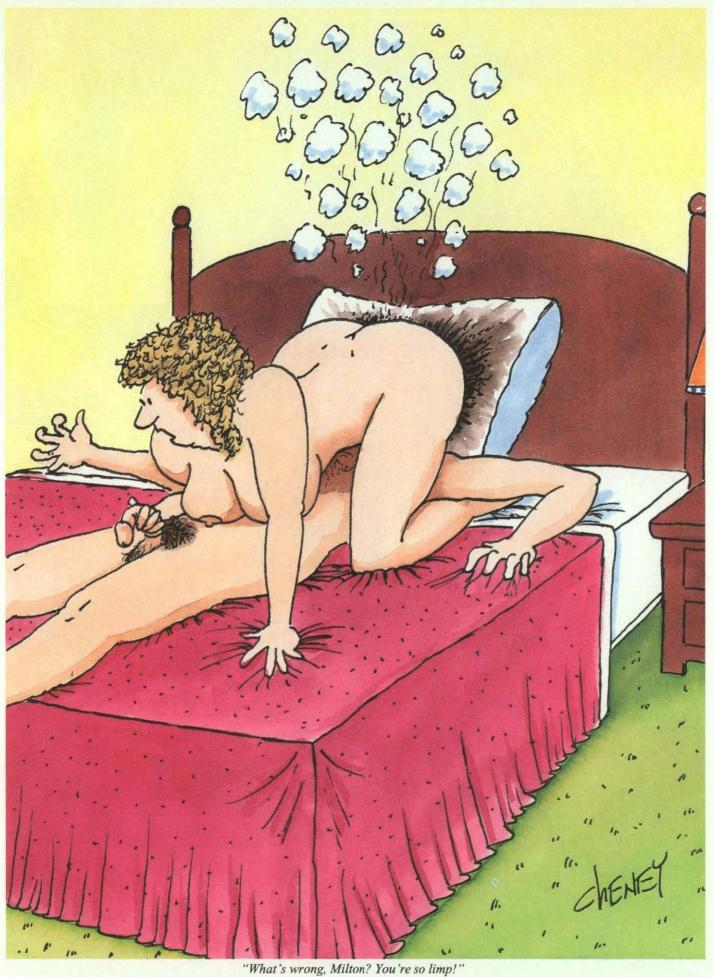
In his arguments, District Attorney Cunningham also quoted the Bible. Religion was all the way through this thing.

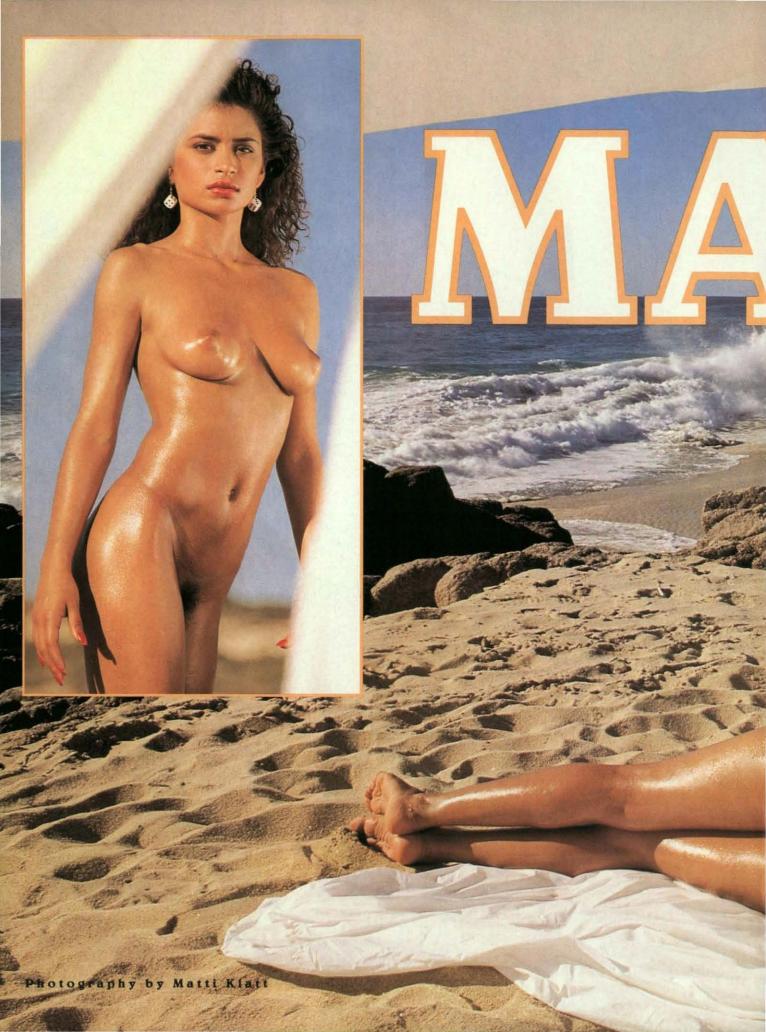
"I would cite the Book of Exodus," Cunningham said. "'And the murderer shall be put to death.'"

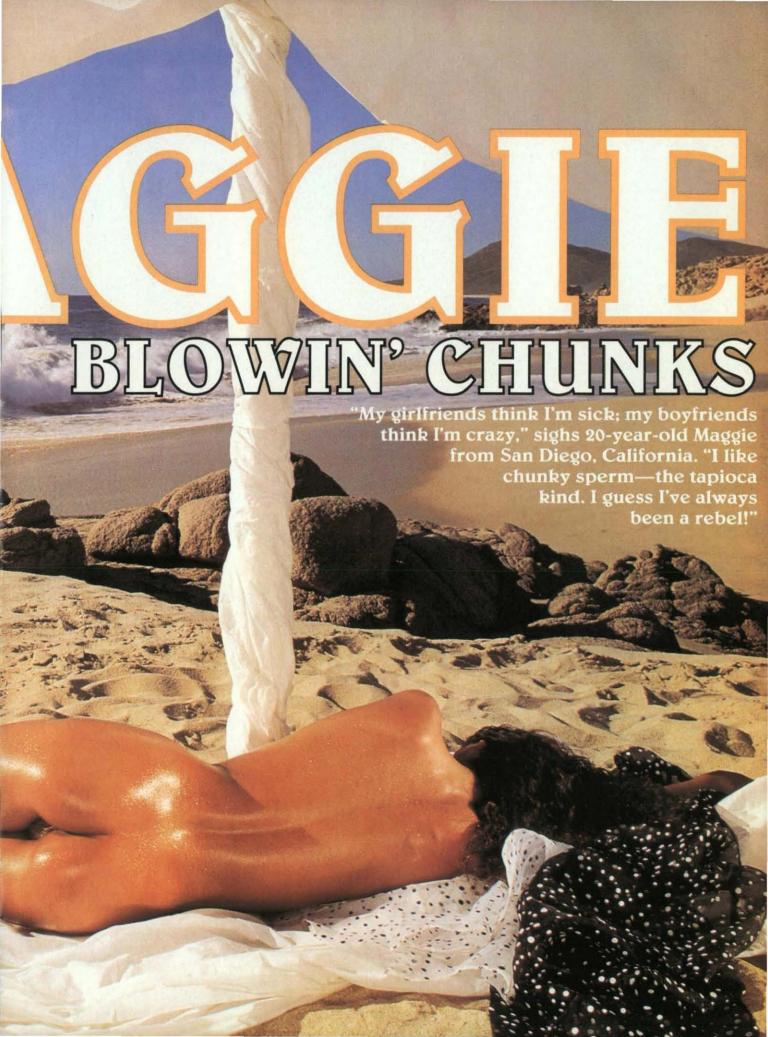
Five hours later, the jury returned with a death sentence.

After the trial, there was all kinds of talk around Corry. Maybe somebody else was involved. Maybe Copenhefer's ridiculous story was true. After all, how could such an intelligent guy make all those mistakes? Chuck Amond would answer that in three words. "Crooks are stupid," he'd tell you.



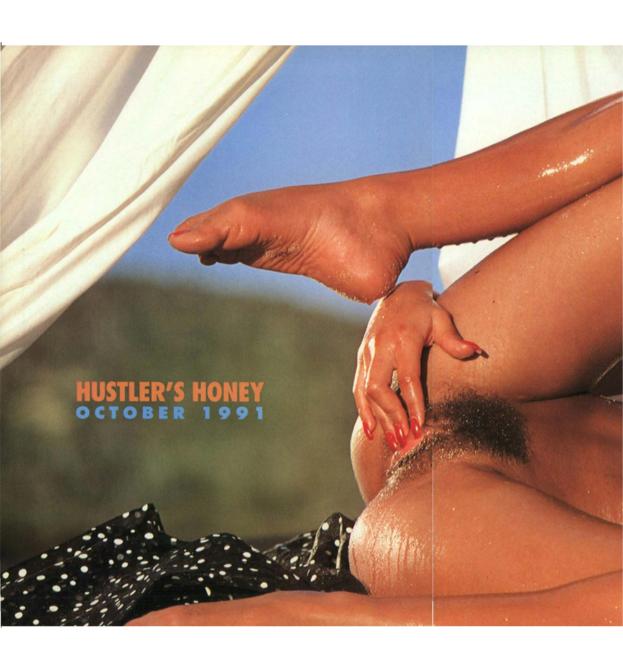










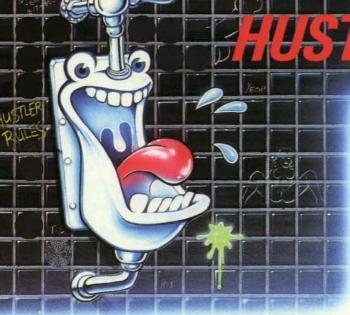












You're in excellent shape, Mrs. DiMaggio," pronounced the doctor with a smile at the conclusion of her annual physical. "Is there anything else I could help you with?"

Mrs. DiMaggio nodded, then blushed. "You know how Sam is about doctors; he'd never ask you about this, Dr. Jones, but he's been having trouble with impotence. Is there any medication that could help him?"

"Of course," said the doctor. He then wrote out a prescription, which Mrs. DiMaggio filled on the way home. Unfortunately, the pharmacist made a mistake typing the label, writing three tablespoons instead of three teaspoons as the daily dosage.

When Dr. Jones got to his office the next morning, his phone was ringing off the hook. It was a frantic Mrs.

DiMaggio.

"What's wrong?" asked the doctor. "Didn't the

medicine work?"

"I'll say it did!" she cried. "He's jumped every woman on the block, and now he's chasing a cat down the street!"

A fisherman was halted at the Pearly Gates. "You've told far too many lies to be permitted in here," said Saint Peter.

"Have a heart, will ya, Pete?" begged the man. "Remember, you were a fisherman once yourself!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines madam as: for whom the belles toil.

while trying to persuade his new girlfriend to come over, the young man had finally led the phone conversation in a romantic direction.

"Yes, I do like a dry white wine," she said.

"Great. I have two bottles chilling now."

"And I just love Janet Jackson."

"Just got her new CD."

"My fantasy is making love on a fur rug in front of a fireplace."

"No problem," he said instantly. "I'll shoot the dog."

After spending a vigorous night with a hooker, the senator took \$300 out of his wallet and set it on the motel nightstand.

"Thanks, but I only charge \$20," the woman said.
"Twenty dollars for the entire night?" the incredulous politician asked. "You can't possibly make a living on that!"

"Oh, don't worry," she purred. "I do a little black-mailing on the side."

he HUSTLER Dictionary defines coin-operated robot hookers as: slut machines.

n an effort to bolster his popularity, Mikhail Gorbachev ventured to an agricultural community near Moscow. "Well, Comrade, how did the potatoes do this year?" he asked the farmer.

"Very well, Comrade President," the farmer replied. "If we piled them up, they would reach God."

"But God doesn't exist, Comrade Farmer."
"Nor do the potatoes, Comrade President."

uestion: Did you hear about the hillbilly who left his estate in trust for his wife?

Answer: She can't touch it until she's 13.

The minister was sick, and a pastor noted for his longwinded sermons agreed to fill in. When he stood up in the pulpit, he found only four churchgoers present. Afterward, he complained to the sexton. "That was the smallest turnout I've ever seen," he said. "Weren't they informed that I was coming?"

"Nope," replied the sexton, "but somehow word must've leaked out."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *stingy Scotsman* as: one who sleeps with his mother-in-law to save wear and tear on his wife.

A traveling salesman completed his trip earlier than anticipated and sent his wife a telegram: "Returning home Friday."

Arriving home, he found his wife in bed with another man. Being a nonviolent person and a major wimp, he bitterly complained to his father-in-law, who replied, "Don't get so upset. I'm certain that there must be an explanation."

The next day the father-in-law was all smiles. "I knew there was an explanation," he informed his son-in-law. "She didn't get your telegram!"

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've beard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" X 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to HUSTLER Humor, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry — we cannot return submissions.



"Dear Mom: Haven't found the man of my dreams yet, but I'm still looking...."



Biggest Jackpots in LA

Blackjack • Texas Hold'em • 3 Card Poker





Slut Madonna Busts a Cherry



Fiction by Alex Marvel

SLUT MADONNA

"Ain't no getting laid in this burg," Bubbles concluded. "Any man I get close to turns white and starts pooting like a loose-gasket homosexual."

Bubbles Kaminski had grown up better than her mama could have ever hoped for.

"No woman ever got rich giving away free pussy," Mama had cautioned, but the budding Kaminski paid no heed. Hardly 14, she'd been selected jailbait of the month by a quorum of Slayerville, Kentucky's most influential pimps, gunsels and cornholers.

"The hardest part is seeing her coming," bemoaned Anvil "Flathead" Irons, a Slayerville attorney who always carried two pistols, one out in the open for show, the other hidden for business, "and knowing you'll have to watch her walking away."

Tantalizingly close to dipping beneath the high-tide line of a cut-off midriff top, Bubbles's breasts, rosy and rotund like her appleblossom cheeks, were lighter-than-air delicacies that matched the ever-rising orbs of her moon. Bubbles's solar system of fleshy wonders put men in a spin.

Occupying a particularly elliptical orbit was Delbert McClinton, Hellache County's chief law-enforcement presence, a steel-eyed sharpshooter sent home from Vietnam for enjoying it too much. Aside from extended spells of poisonous brooding, and a cloud of dead-gook souls that accompanied him wherever he went, Delbert's only fault was his maniacal obsession to protect Bubbles Kaminski.

"Hain't but a few years till Bubbles turns legal," Delbert would tell everyone he arrested, in lieu of Miranda rights. "I mean to be honorable and save her till then."

"Just ain't no getting laid in this burg," Bubbles concluded on her 15th birthday. "Any man I get close to turns unhealthy white and starts pooting like a loose-gasket homosexual."

She cut out for the big city, Detroit to be exact, and never looked back, not even to wonder what the fuck someone name of Kaminski was doing in the deep shit of Kentucky.

Anvil "Thumbs" Irons put the cigar back in his mouth. All these years smoking, and he still hadn't learned to spit without taking it out. He sighed and shoved his broom, sweeping debris and his own spit into his own little stretch of gutter. Done, he jacked the broom handle into an armpit and surveyed the marquee of his own little sewer.

AMOROUS ANVIL'S HOUSE OF PAR-TY ANIMALS was fronted by a sideshow facade painted with cocktail-flaunting she-

beasts—cat women with high, pointy tits and snaky, barbed tails.

NUDE DANCERS, blinked sequin-lined block letters, TABLE, COUCH AND LAP—OUR SPECIALTY.

Anvil felt something akin to pride, a distant, illegitimate, poor cousin, but kin nonetheless. It was a feeling he'd abandoned back in his Slayerville, Kentucky, lawyerin' days. He'd been called Flathead then, usually when he wasn't around, and he'd had a full count of thumbs, prior to disbarment from the Hellache County legal fraternity. At the drumming-out ceremony, his thumbs had been clipped at the bottom joint by Delbert Mc-Clinton. Wild-eyed, waving heavy-duty wire cutters and denouncing Anvil's evil designs upon the body of Bubbles Kaminski, McClinton had seemed to swirl in a fog of palpable death, haunted and haunting, engulfed by a presence as immutable as weather.

Thumbs had come a ways since that bloodraining, pain-thundering night.

"Whattsa matter, Thumbs?" asked Jerome, the House of Party Animals' transvestite cashier, bartender, PA girl and bouncer. Jerome twisted her beads and toed a motorcycle boot. "You look like you're seeing a ghost."

"Don't call me Thumbs." Anvil bit off the butt of his cigar, chewed it up and swallowed. He stomped toward his strip club. "They haven't invented the ghost to back me off my business."

But by then, Thumbs hadn't seen Bubbles Kaminski in ten years.

Bubbles had ripened without rotting, at least as far as her bodily fruits were concerned, but she worried about her mind and attitude. Sure, she was still as sweet and lovely as in her honey teens, but she'd best get some dick soon, or her nectar would start flowing bitter.

Bubbles drew a black-plastic dong across her pouty, tomato-red lips. On a hotel bed, her divine roundnesses shifted, rose and settled as she sucked in breath and tensed her body in anticipation of impending penetration.

The dildo was fine as far as it went, but a real dick would go so much farther. Bubbles slid the spit-licked love log through the valley of her breasts, savoring a vision of an ebony, rope-muscled, straining and flexing male body, the kind that would come attached to a true-life prick. The phantom man nuzzled her neck. As his silky tongue unfurled into her ear, his velvet crowbar jimmied her pussy lips and slipped inside.

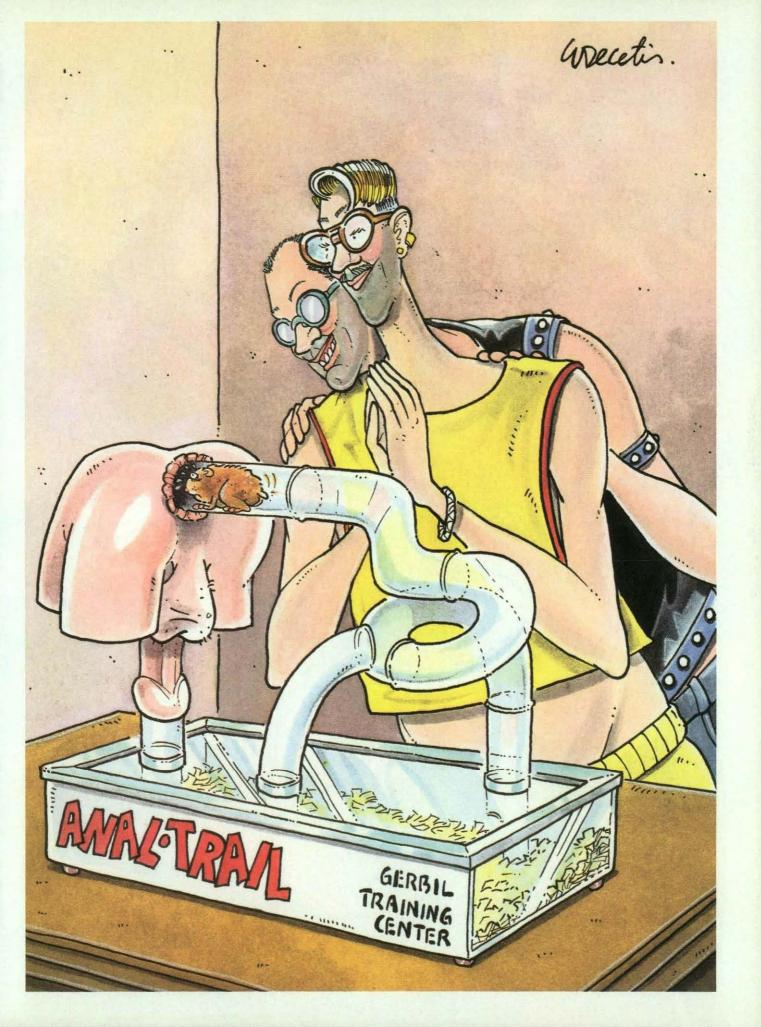
Bubbles sighed and squirmed, the bed creaking beneath their combined weights, her snug thighs squeezing his twisting hips and bulging loins, her chiseled ankles crossing as her honed calves folded across his heaving, muscle-lumped back. Hot man breath and steel-wool razor stubble burned her flushed, sweating face as they rocked and bucked, two

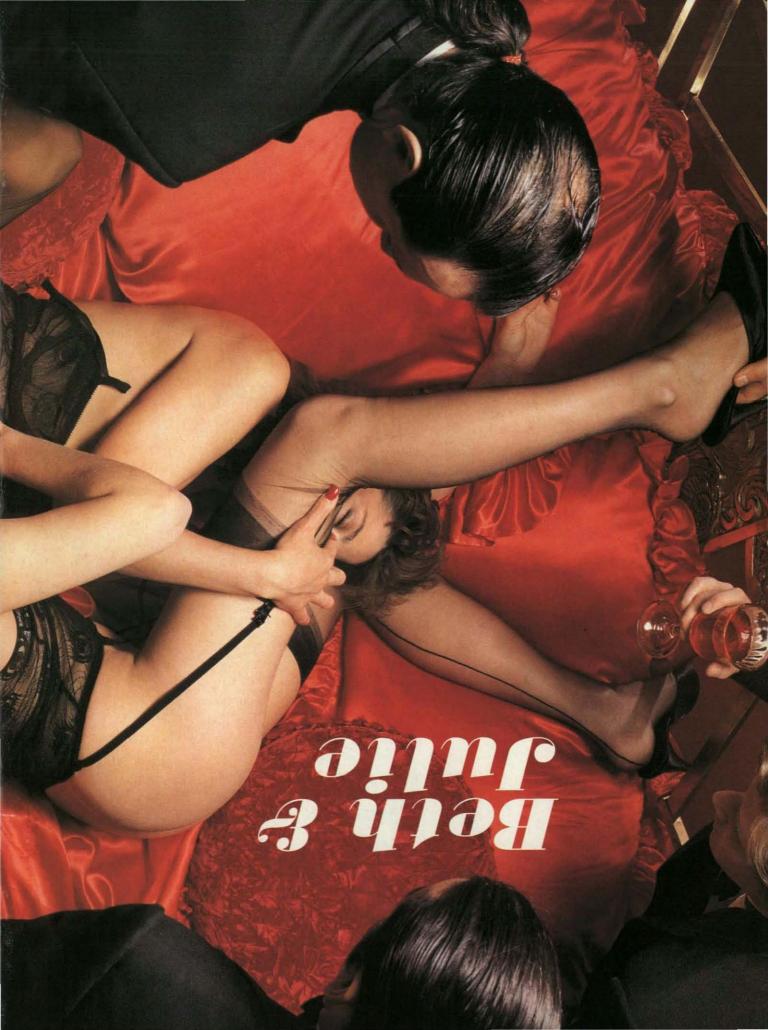
(continued on page 106)





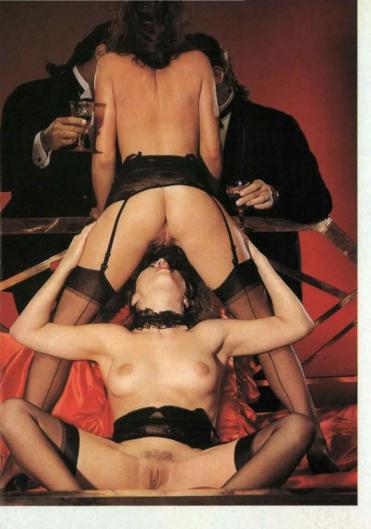
"It's close, but her mouth is bigger—a lot bigger."









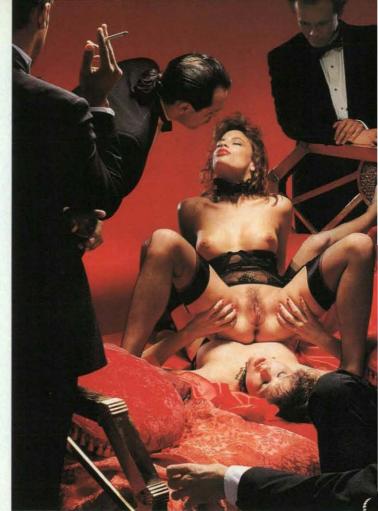


















SLUT MADONNA (continued from page 96)

"One day, I went 'round the doughnut shop, and there was Bubbles, poking her little-girl tongue through a chocolate glaze hole...."

carnal broncos humping as one wild, melded beast, lurching toward orgasm.

Waves of joy broke across Bubbles. Her body stiffened, shook and went slack with blast and echo. Her hands drifted down to her open hole, searching to feel the liquid jolt of her mystery male's cum dripping from her overflowing receptacle.

But the man had gone. In his place was the shadow of Delbert McClinton, face smeared in camouflage paint, combat knife clenched in his teeth, eyes whacked and sharp, peering into the dark on a lost, misguided long-range reconnaissance patrol. McClinton's cloud of doom had darkened Bubbles Kaminski's love life and engulfed anyone who ever showed sexual interest in her.

Going on 26, the ripest taste treat in the whole U.S., Bubbles was still cherry.

Nobody was laughing in Detroit's Pushin' Piston pisshole. The place had been rollicking with hilarity only moments earlier. Delbert snapped shut his flip knife and put the ear in his pocket. The funnyman groveled on the floor, his hands raised to hide an inadequacy at the side of his head. Delbert had no time to finish him off. His silent pager had come alive in the pocket where it nestled next to his dick. She was awake; time for Delbert to roll out.

"It seemed like you had a nice bar here," observed McClinton to the owner, frozen with baseball bat at parade rest. "You best stand stock-still like that and preserve the illusion."

Once outside, Delbert was bitter again. The Pushin' Piston *had* seemed like a nice bar, somewhere a man could go to find some understanding companionship.

Delbert hadn't approached him, the man had approached Delbert, coming in sideways on the next barstool.

"Anyone sittin' here, bub?"

"No, sir," replied Delbert.

"You new in town, all alone here?"

"Why, no, as a matter of fact," answered Delbert, since the man had asked. "I haven't been alone for going on 12 years. Everywhere I go, I have my vision of Bubbles with me."

I go, I have my vision of Bubbles with me."
"Is that so?" asked the interlocutor with
the trace of a sneer. Delbert noticed the
dawning of derision. He'd liked to have
curbed the man's sarcasm and save him his
ear, but once Delbert got started on his story
of Bubbles, he had never been able to stop.



"Yes, sir," continued Delbert, "ever since I first really seen Bubbles, the sight and sense has never left me. She was 14 then. I'd seen her as a little bitty when I come back from my last tour of the Nam. But one day, I went 'round the doughnut shop, and there was Bubbles, poking her little-girl tongue-through a chocolate glaze hole...."

"You like 'em young?" queried Delbert's new friend. "We may do business yet."

"You don't want to pigeonhole me as a cradle robber," cautioned Delbert. "I ain't laid a testicle on the chile, nor anywhere else since I witnessed her tongue wiggle through the chocolate hole. I seen that none other would do for me, and none other would do her. I been guarding her purely ever since."

But the guy had stopped listening. The guy had been listening to himself, to the wisecrack forming on his lips. "Man, your testicles must be swollen up like an overcushioned, hairy ottoman," said Delbert's former friend. "All that semen has backed up and clouded your brain."

"You don't hear too good," observed Delbert, knife flashing every bit as evil and glinty as his eyes. "Guess you won't miss this ear."

Out in the cold Detroit wind, Delbert fondled the ear. He'd already forgotten where he'd picked it up, intent on his mad rush to the side of Bubbles's surveillance-tripped bed.

She would be in the shower about now, Delbert reasoned, if reason were an appropriate word to describe the workings of the McClinton mind. His logic told him that Bubbles would step dripping from the bathroom to stand naked in the doorway. Her full, overflowing eyes, at the sight of Delbert rock-hard on the bed, streamed liquid joy down upon her natural wonder breasts, droplets wavering and sliding over her washboard belly and around her precisely manicured pussy patch.

McClinton had called many a hastily slit trench home during his in-country tours. As the artillery of this and the next world had bombarded the earth's surface and the sky above, he'd known great security in the confines of a shallow tunnel, but no foxhole had ever been as appealing as the one that Bubbles walked across the room.

Delbert dove for cover, face first. His nose followed his tongue, shoveling into the honeylined sanctuary pit. Bubbles sank back onto the bed, her thighs raising and opening, wrapping around his head, her heels draped down his back, beating a morse code of ardent delight as her calves gripped his shoulders and pulled his face deeper into her safety slit.

She didn't even need to touch his dick, but she did, at least in his squinting mind's eye she did, and he unloaded the entire magazine of his fully auto man-meat M-16.

Delbert heard a door open and raised his face from the engulfing, pure-cherry pussy pie to look his dream girl head on.

"Shit if it isn't GI schmo again," sneered (continued on page 109)

SOCIATION of AMERICA



resenting: Pick Of The Month



Totally Live One On One & Group Phone Jak



Deepest Throat

1-800-234-TINA II

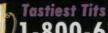
\$2.50/Min.



Tightest Buns

1-800-777-GINA

\$3/Min.



1-800-676-WETT



Busiest Bush

1-800-678-GIRL

\$2.50/Min.



Horniest Babes 1-800-USA-1TO1

Must Be 18 • Discreetly Billed To Visa/MC

SLUT MADONNA (continued from page 106)

She was the kind of chick who'd take a sensuous shit. If this newcomer had any nonsex-appeal skin, it wasn't showing, and it was all showing.

Bubbles Kaminski, pulling her robe tighter about herself, brushing her hair with angry strokes. "You and your cloud of murdered, one-eared dink and pervert ghosts leave me alone. I've got a job so I can pay someone to get you away from me."

With that, she slammed the door and left Delbert alone within his mist of misery, semen seeping through his pants pocket, gluing his pager and newest ear together.

Amorous Anvil's House of Party Animals drew a crowd of rooting, rutting carnivores, especially on a fresh-meat night. They drank a lot, they barfed and pissed, they often fought, but they always paid attention. They knew something was up; so they simmered in hyperattentive silence as a new twat took the stage.

She was a virgin at stage work, but a natural, the kind of chick who'd take a sensuous shit. Dirty blond, with big baby blues, her aquamarine pasties and tassels matched a fringed G-string and ankle-binding stiletto pumps. If this newcomer had any nonsex-appeal skin, it wasn't showing, and it was all showing.

Still, the male beasts recognized a greater drama unfolding than the blossoming of a full-petal sex flower. Anvil "Thumbs" Irons, for instance, stood sentinel halfway between his bar's two cash registers. His fear-filled, life-vacated eyes had seen a ghost, or perhaps two.

The audience tracked stage left, following a truly disconcerting figure who appeared to be operating within a haze of smoky death's heads. Clad in urban-jungle camouflage fatigues, his face painted a death mask of black, brown and green, Delbert McClinton stalked the audience perimeter, surreptitiously approaching the tassel-twirling wonder tits and fringe-flipping heaven hips working in the spotlight. The psycho extended a length of what looked like dried prunes strung together to form a necklace of sorts, with two ancient, desiccated sausages tied on the ends.

Jerome, the indecisive transvestite in charge of running the door, bouncing drunks and tending the House of Party Animals sound system, shit-canned the music, sympathetic to the necessity of dialogue to impart true drama.

"Where in the fuck did you dig her up?" seethed Anvil "Thumbs" Irons.

"I thought you'd like her, Thumbs," yelped a surprised Jerome. He'd never seen boss Thumbs distraught. He kind of liked it.

"Don't call me Thumbs," fretted Thumbs. "Why'd you have to hire Bubbles Kaminski? I'd better do something. I got a bad feeling."

Bad perhaps, but no worse than the feeling of Bubbles Kaminski upon spotting Delbert McClinton approaching her debut moment with his moldy offering.

"Delbert McClinton, get those goddamn ears away from me," snapped Bubbles Kaminski. "Isn't there a man man enough in Detroit City to take this deranged nut case out of my life so I can finally get fucked?"

of my life so I can finally get fucked?"
"Delbert McClinton," hissed Thumbs, his incomplete fists clenching and twitching. He steadied his business gun in both hands and closed in. McClinton stood transfixed, blinded by the glaring carnality reflected off spotlight-splattered Bubbles Kaminski.

"Those are my thumbs!" hollered Thumbs, indicating the sausagelike end pieces on Delbert's string of ears. "And these are my bullets."

The gun blasted a half dozen shots in less than six ticks of the clock, and circumstances reached a point from which accounts would soon differ. Some of the very interested observers later stated that Delbert McClinton's head was vaporized, and his body crumpled, dumped and dead; others swear that Delbert dematerialized before any shots were fired.

All agree that the cloud of gunsmoke was no ordinary ballistic effluvium. Something was actually *in* the swirling murk, active, solid strong. The necklace of ears flew end over end like a bola lariat, wrapping around the tree-trunk neck of flat-headed Anvil "Thumbs" Irons as he lunged longingly toward pouting Bubbles Kaminski.

"Not fat old Flathead," protested Bubbles petulantly as the necklace cinched Thumbs's thorax, crushing his esophagus with his own thumbs. "Any other man will do," bargained Bubbles, "any or many, as many as can do."

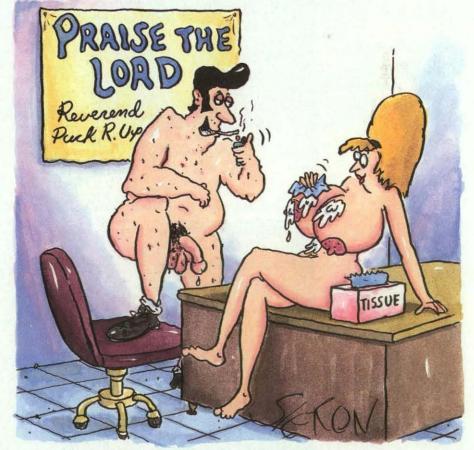
A force took shape from the smoke, salivating, panting and yearning for a taste of the Kaminski quim. A disembodied embodiment of all the men who had lusted fatally to pop Bubbles, crossbred with the souls of guerrilla-felled Vietnamese and fragged U.S. officers, a monstrous yaw, lascivious, wet and toothy, engulfed the stage. Bubbles was about to be devoured.

The carnal carnivores at Amorous Anvil's House of Party Animals, for all of their vigilance, paid no heed to the mutant manifestation of death and denied male lust. They were too busy getting their pants down and lining up.

"I'm Bubbles Kaminski," announced Bubbles, "and I'm ready to get my cherry popped."

Though she'd learned to like the tease business, Bubbles intended to get fucked by one and all who would fuck her, the living, the dead, and the half-transmogrified in between.

Only Jerome hesitated; she fondled her bulging prick and eyed the tombstone-toothed jaw about to swallow Bubbles whole: "Should I get in line or just be jealous?"



"Personally, I like to think of it as Miracle Whip!"





"Special Talents"

Direct contact with real women who want to go live with you! Discover their "special talents" for yourself. All real womenno actresses or operators! Call

You must be over 21. \$2 per minute.

TREASURE CHEST 1-900 230-LADY (THAT'S 1-900-230-5239)

We've got what you want! One on one personal contacts 24 hours a day!

\$2 a min. Adults only please.



ELAINE'S HOME NUMBERS HOTLINE 1-900-646-7900



Only Elaine gives you the real names and home phone numbers of luscious ladies who want to talk to you live!

All real ladies waiting for your call at home! Call now!

Over 18 only. \$2 a min.

BIG **BIGGER BIGGEST!** 386-4600

Find the <u>really big</u> ones on the MORE **LINE! The MORE LINE** - America's best one on one connections for adult talk and dating ladies who have MORE!

18 and over please. \$2 per min.

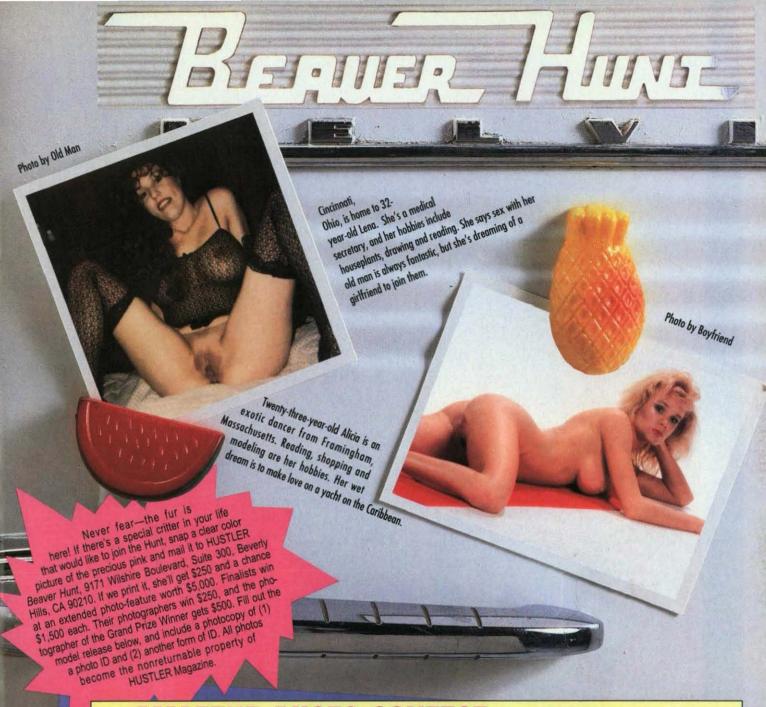


Kate Knows What It Takes **Teasing** and Pleasing! 1-900 230-KISS (THAT'S 1-900-230-5477)



LONELY GIRLS





AMATEUR PHOTO CONTEST

To enter HUSTLER Beaver Hunt you must fill out and send this release and COPIES OF TWO FORMS OF ID. ONE WITH PHOTO (i.e., driver's license, passport, work or school ID card or photo ID issued by a state). Second ID can be a birth certificate, selective service card, baptismal certificate, Social Security card, credit card, marriage certificate or immigration card. Send photo copies, not originals. Send two or more sharply focused color prints or slides. Showing pink is optional at entry stage. All photos become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine, which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos we publish. If we publish your photo, you'll win \$250 and a chance to be chosen for an extended pictorial worth \$5,000. Send photos, IDs and release to HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 9171 Wilshire Blvd. St. 300. Beverly Hills, CA 90210.

Please Print

Model's Name

Any Alias, Nickname, Stage or Pro Name

Name to Be Published

Date of Birth

Model's Social Security Number

Address

v

State

Zip

Occupation

Hobbies

Sexual Fantasies

Include Separate Sheet if Necessary

Phone (include area code) Photographer

Address

WIN \$5,000 CASH!

NEW ID LAWS, SEE DETAILS BELOW

NOTE: PRIZE MONEY SENT TO MODEL ONLY

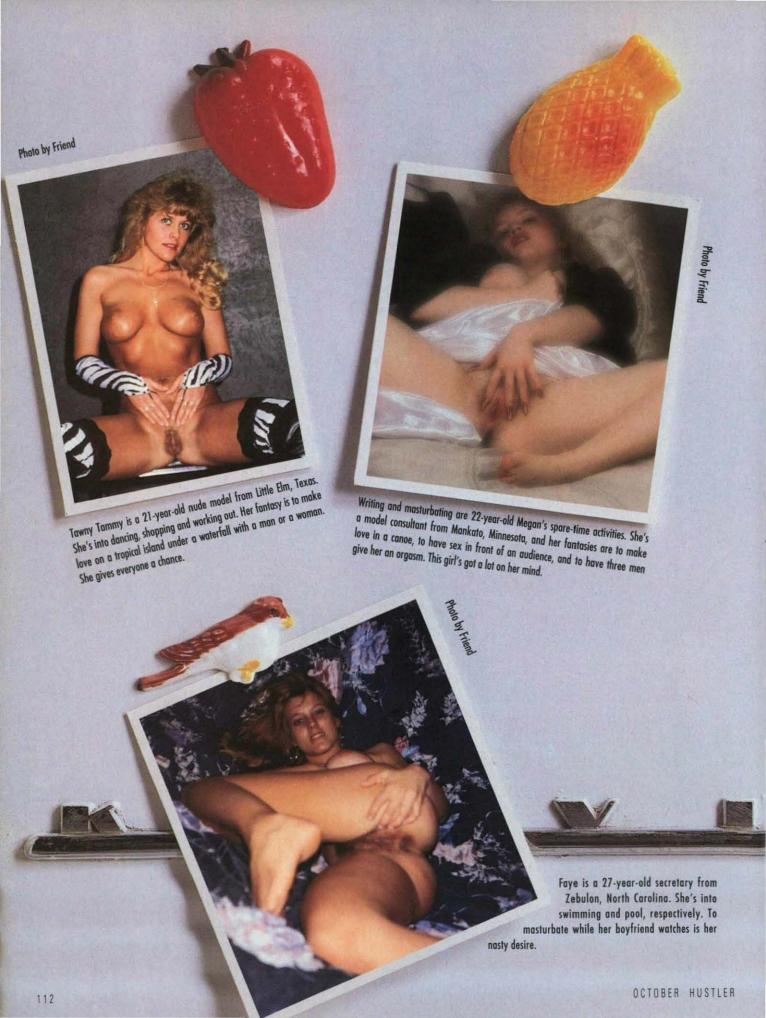
In consideration of \$250, I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its affiliates, successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, full rights and exclusive permission in perpetuity to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without my name and to make any changes or any additions whatsoever to such photographs, portraits or any of the above information, whether true or fictional. I understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos and that my photographs can be published in other affiliated magazines. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

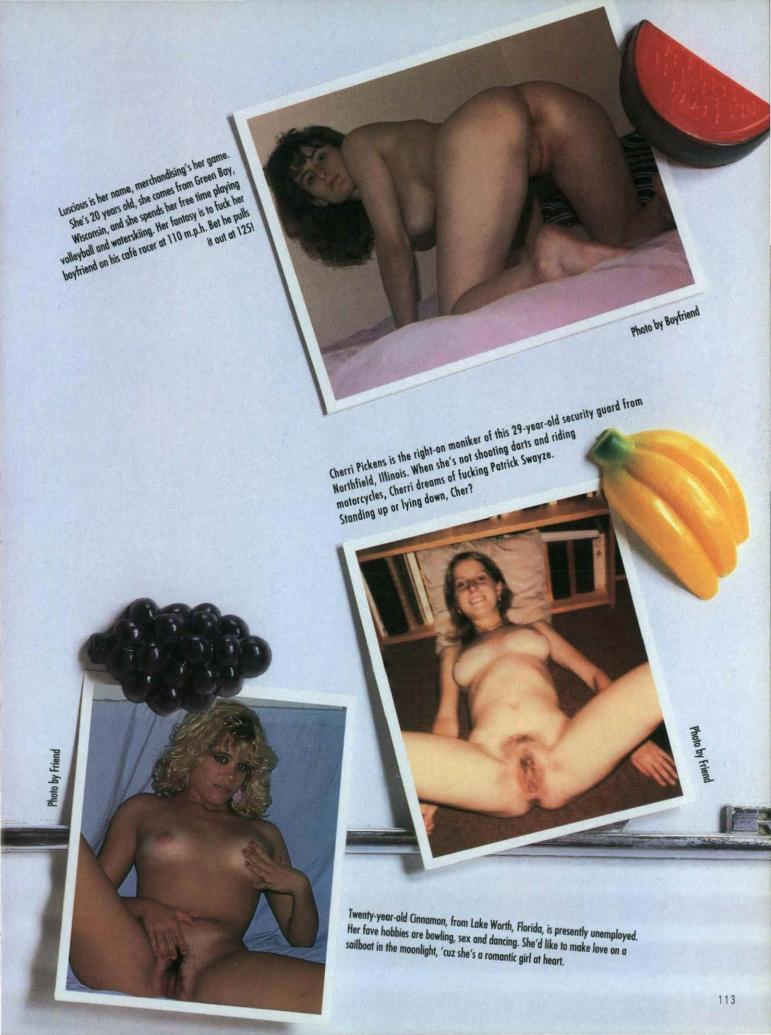
WARNING: ANYONE SIGNING THIS RELEASE FORM OTHER THAN THE MODEL WILL BE SUBJECT TO MONETARY DAMAGES AND/OR CRIMINAL PROSECUTION.

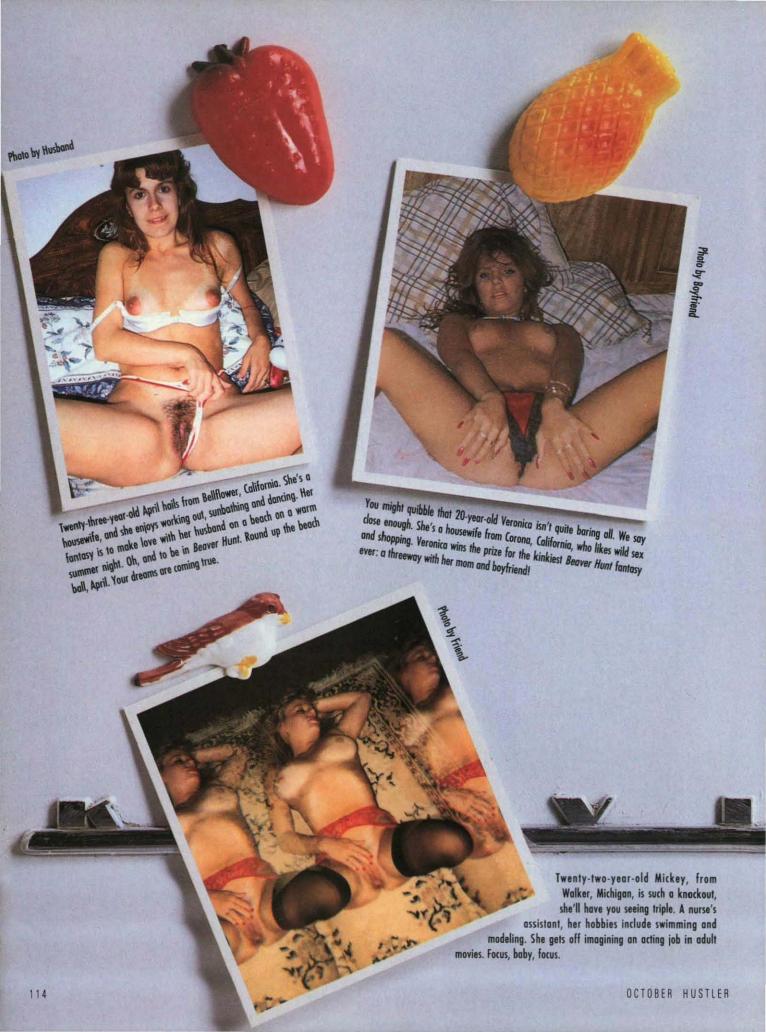
I DECLARE UNDER PENALTY OF PERJURY THAT ALL OF THE INFORMATION I HAVE GIVEN ABOVE IS TRUE AND CORRECT.

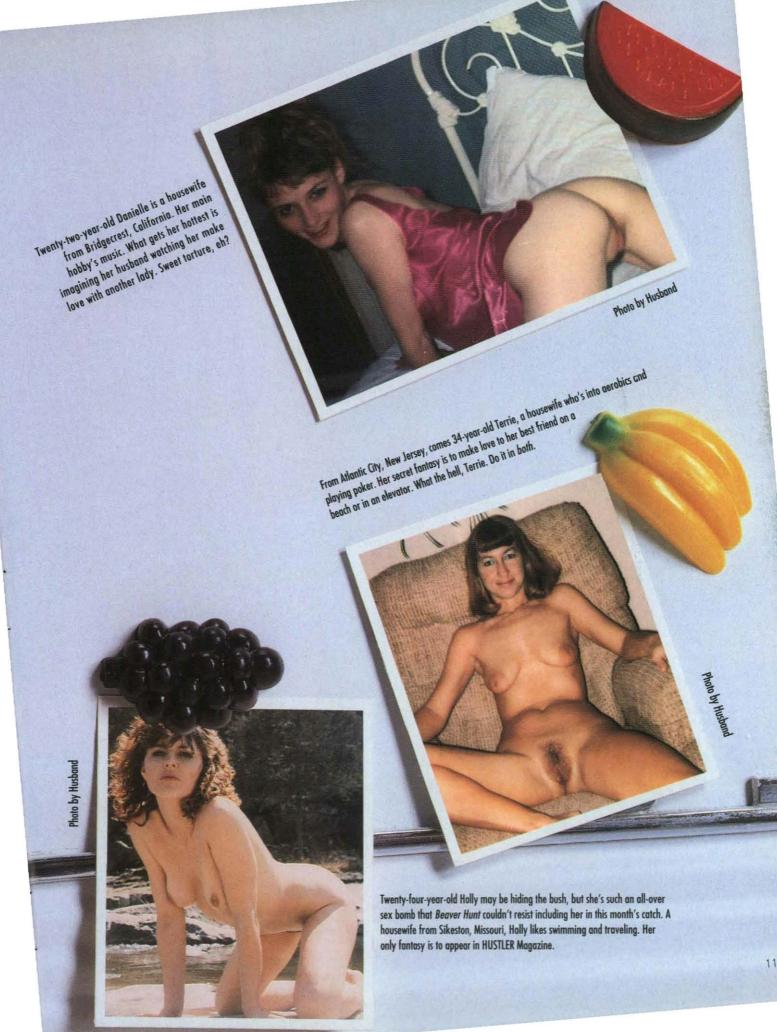
Model's Legal Signature

Date









STAU

STIMULANTS			
20 D&E 127" 200 mg	\$30.00	***	\$7.95
21. Mole 165 mg	30.00	\$13.00	7.50
22. Magnum 200 mg	35.00	13.50	7.95
23. 20/20 150 mg	30.00	11.75	7.25
24. D&E-250 " 200 mg	25.00	**	6.95
25. D&E-225" 200 mg	23.00		6.95
26. D&E-85-25 " 110 mg	18.00	**	5.50
27. D&E-190 " 175 mg	30.00	**	7.50
28. D&E-290 " 200 mg	35.00	13.25	7.95
29 D&E-260 200 mg	28.00	**-	7.50
30. D&E-160 " 175 mg	25.00	**	6.50
31. D&E-500" 175 mg	35.00	12.95	7.50
32 30/30 150 mg	30.00	11.75	7.25
33 D&E-200 ** 200 mg	23.00	**	6.95
34 D&E-25-25 110 mg	18.00	**	6.50

**Not available in size.

Active ingredient in above stimulants: Caffeine



100% Pure Glynex - the All extra get up and go.

90 tablets - \$9.98



EPHEDRINE: Bronchodilator



DIETING SOLUTIONS

SLENDERX
Previously only available thru a dietary physician, now D&E makes SLENDERx available to the public. Control your appetite with this 3-aday formula and enjoy the results with-

#37 60 days worth for \$12.95





The Complete Dieting Program. With its 2renourishing the body along with the helpful "Lose Weight & Get In Shape" pamphlet. you'll lose the lbs you want and learn how to keep them off. keep them off. #39 90 day course in successful dieting \$12.95





29









ep as never before and aken refreshed. buble Strength — 50 mg.

#45 60 tablets \$3.95



CALL TOLL FREE: 1-800-221-1 IN NEW JERSEY CALL (201) 838-5254

3-Easy Ways to Order:

1. Charge It - Use Visa or MasterCard.





2. C.O.D. — We ship today and you pay on delivery.

3. Send Payment in Full - Add \$4.50 for Shipping and Handling.

IN.J. Residents add 6% Sales Tax - Personal Checks Held 28 days. Caution: Individuals under medical care should consult a physician before taking products.)

SAVE! - Order any 10 Bottles of 100 Tablets or Capsules of stimulants for only \$45.00

EXTRA DISCOUNT!

10% OFF all orders for AQUAWAY—New All Natural Water Weight Reducer
— A Plus to Any Diet Plan #46 90 tablets \$7.25

06A1





TALK LIVE WITH THE FOXES!

AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR PARTY LINES! 1-900-999-FOXS 1-900-999-HO1

\$3/min.

For private one-on-one calls 1-900-234-1 on 1

1-900-258-

1-900-884-

\$3/min. Adults only.

(8264)

THIS IS THE ONLY PHONE NUMBER YOU WILL EVER NEED!!!

1-800-988-PARTY

NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED

JOIN THE PARTY LINE
OR
GO OUT ONE-ON-ONE
WITH
THAT WILD SOMEONE
YOU
HAVE ALWAYS WANTED
TO MEET

HEAR PHONE ADS FROM PEOPLE OF EVERY LIFESTYLE WHO WANT TO MEET YOU

LEAVE AN AD OF YOUR OWN

HURRY THE PARTY HAS
ALREADY STARTED!!!

EXPLODE WITH ENERGY



EN	ERGY TABS & CAPS (TO	RESTORE MENTAL ALERTNESS) CAFFEINE	100 CT	250 CT	500 CT	2 LOTS OF 500 *
4.	357 MAGNUM TAB		\$7.00	\$16.00	\$24.00	\$34.00
22.	357 MAGNUM CAP		8.00	16.00	24.00	34.00
14.	LARGE PINK HEART	200 mg	7.00	14.00	22.00	24.00
2.	30/30 TAB	175 mg	7.00	14.00	23.00	29.00
15.	BLACK MOLE CAP	175 mg	8.00	16.00	24.00	34.00
17.	WHITE MOLE CAP	150 mg	7.00	14.00	22.00	29.00
11.	WHT/BLUE SPEC TAB		7.00	14.00	22.00	29.00
3.	20/20 TAB	125 mg	7.00	14.00	22.00	29.00
DIE	T AIDS PHENYLPROPA	ANOLAMINE (TO CURB THE APP				2 LOTS
		PPA HCL	100 CT	250 CT	500 CT	OF 500 *
18.	RED/CLEAR CAPSULE	75 mg	\$8.00	\$16.00	\$25.00	\$35.00
20.	36-24-36 TM CAPSULE	75 mg	8.00	16.00	25.00	35.00
21.	36-24-36 TM CAPLET		8.00	16.00	25.00	35.00
BR	ONCHODILATOR (FOR TI	HE TEMPORARY RELIEF OF PAROXY	SMS OF ASTH	MA)		2 LOTS
		EPHEDRINE HCL	100 CT	250 CT	500 CT	OF 500 *
1.	MINI PINK HEART	25 mg	\$7.50	\$14.50	\$17.50	\$25.00
5.	THIN OR THICK	25 mg	7.50	14.50	17.50	18.00
19.	EPHED 25 CAP	25 mg	8.00	15.00	17.50	25.00
ALS	SO AVAILABLE	DIPHENYDRAMINE				
	SLEEP AID		\$8.50	N/A	\$25.00	N/A

CAUTION: INDIVIDUALS UNDER MEDICAL CARE SHOULD CONSULT THEIR PHYSICIAN. NO SALES TO MINORS 'THIS COMBINATION IS NOT INCLUDED IN THE "BUY 2 GET 1 FREE" OFFER, SAFE TAMPER RESISTANT PACKAGE.

HOW TO ORDER

- Call toll free and order C.O.D. We ship daily and you pay upon delivery.
- Take advantage of our Quantity Savings and send your money order with the coupon below to:

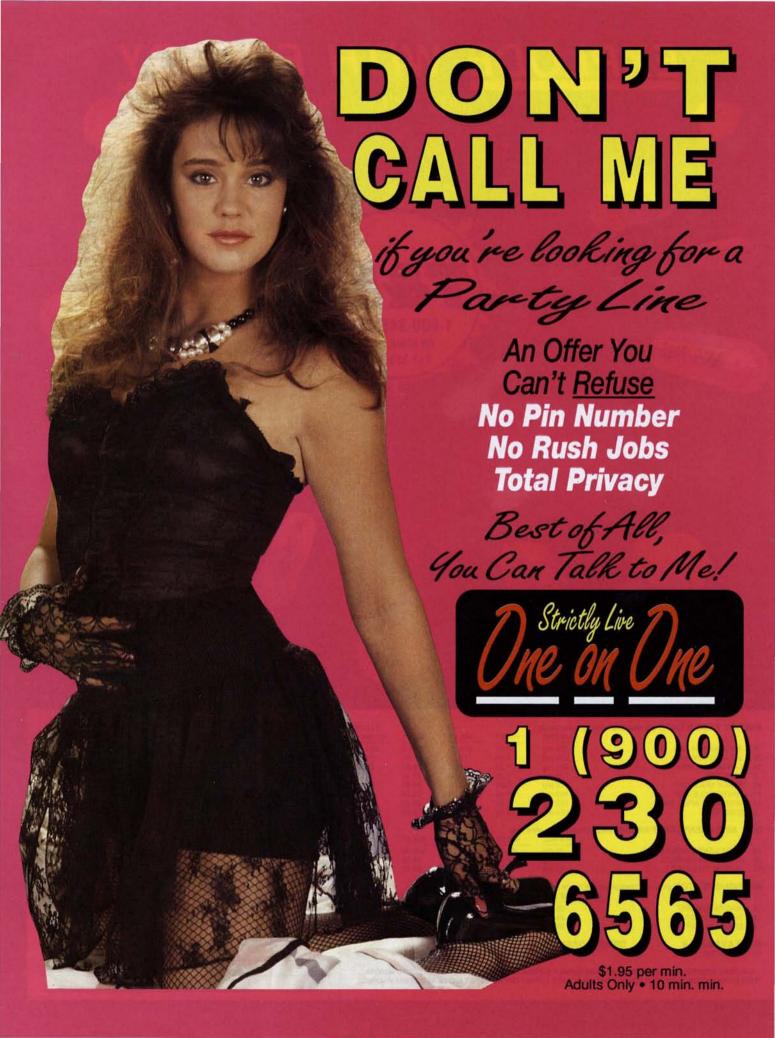
T&M DIST DEPT. 24 P.O. BOX 228, COUNCIL BLUFFS, IA 51502 100% CUSTOMER SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!

BUY 2 GET 1 FREE*

Send your money order to Dept. 24 T&M DIST., P.O. BOX 22C, COUNCIL BLUFFS, IA 51502 No Personal Checks ADDRESS

CITY/ST/ZIP

QUANTITY NAME OF PRODUCT PRICE **POSTAGE & HANDLING** \$2.90 AMOUNT ENCLOSED



SUGAR & SPICE IT'S YOUR CHOICE

HOT SAMPLES • HOT SAMPLES • HOT SAMPLES

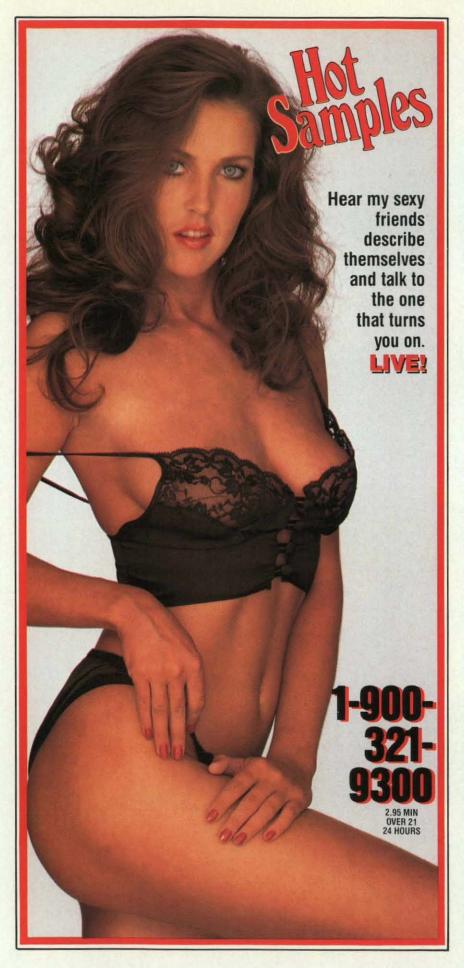
HEAR SAMPLES FROM HOT, HORNY WOMEN & TALK LIVE TO THE ONE THAT TURNS YOU ON—1 ON 1

(9453)(56)(310)(0)(511

24 HOURS

OVER 21

2.95/MIN





1-900-535-2447











Sex

without disappointment.

How to order them without embarrassment. How to use them

oday, people are interested in improving Today, people are interested the quality of their lives and exploring their own sensuality with options from the Xandria Collection.

The most important aspect of satisfaction is trust. Trust us ... thoughtful consideration goes into each product in the catalogue. Quality, value, and sensual appeal are all important elements, as are you, the customer.

What is The Xandria Collection?

It is a very special collection of sensual products. It includes the finest and most effective products available from around the world.

> Products that can open new doors to pleasure (perhaps many you never knew existed)!

> Our products range from the simple to the delightfully complex. They are designed for both the timid and the bold. For anyone who's ever wished there could be something more to their sensual pleasure.

> The Xandria Collection has a unique three-way guarantee. We've had the same, no worry guarantee for the past 17 years (since 1974).

> First, we guarantee your privacy. Everything we ship is plainly packaged and securely wrapped, with no clue to its contents from the outside. All transactions are strictly confidential and we never sell, give or trade any customer's name.

Second, we guarantee your satisfaction. If a product seems unsatisfactory, simply return in within 60 days for a replacement or refund.

Third, we guarantee the quality of our products for one year. If it malfunctions, simply return it to us for a replacement.

The Xandria Gold Collection...a tribute to closeness and communication. Celebrate the possibilities for pleasure we each have within us. If you're prepared to intensify your own pleasure, then send for the Xandria Gold Collection Edition catalogue. It is priced at just \$4.00 which is applied in full to your first order.

Write today. You have absolutely nothing to lose. And an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain.



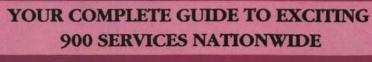
The Xandria Collection, Dept. HU1091 P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131

Please send me, by first class mail, my copy of the Xandria Gold Collection Edition catalogue. Enclosed is my check or money order for four dollars which will be applied toward my first purchase. (\$4 U.S., \$5 CAN, £3 U.K.)

I am an adult over 21 years of age: (signature required)

Xandria, 874 Dubuque Ave., S. San Francisco, CA 94080. Void where prohibited by law.

THE 900 CONNECTION



THE ULTIMATE IN HOT LIVE CONVERSATION

THE LIVE PARTY LINE

FOR OUTRAGEOUS NON-STOP ACTION CALL THE NATIONAL LIVE PARTY LINE

1 (900) 999-LIVE

FOR CREDIT CARD CALLERS

IT'S THE ULTIMATE IN ADULT CONVERSATION-CALL THE GIRL OF YOUR DREAMS AT

1 (800) 933-4SEX

BILLED ON YOUR CREDIT CARD AS MINUTE-TO-MINUTE ENTERTAINMENT

3 GREAT WAYS TO MEET SEXY GIRLS

INTRO-LINE USA

MEET YOUR IDEAL LOVER ON INTRO-LINE USA, THE WILDEST BULLETIN BOARD ANYWHERE

1 (900) 568-GIRL

SINGLES CONNECTION

THE EXCITING NEW WAY TO MEET DIRECT CONTACTS IN YOUR AREA

1 (900) 646-DATE

NATIONAL DATELINE

SINCERE SINGLES SEEKING LONG TERM RELATIONSHIPS

1 (900) 535-MEET

INCREDIBLE REAL-LIFE CONFESSIONS

SINFUL EXCHANGE

SIZZLING TRUE CONFESSIONS... BIZARRE BUT TRUE

1 (900) 646-SINS

HOT CONFESSIONS

HEAR THE MOST OUTRAGEOUS CONFESSIONS

1 (900) 535-TRUE

ALL CALLS \$2.00 PER MINUTE







••••• Date ••••• Sexy Latin Gals Blonde Beauties Oriental Delights 1-900-420-8370



Meet Beautiful Sexy Ladies

- -American



-900-420-6370 **Date Tonight! Beautiful Women!**



Plus Listen to Exciting **Fantasies**

Must be 18. \$2. minute

TRUE CONFESSION

You may have heard the rest... But you haven't heard the best...'Til you call...



Glovia Leonard Star of such film classics as "The Opening of Misty Beethoven", "All About Gloria Leonard", "Taboo American Style: The Mini Series" and many other XXX features, lays it bare on the line. At last you can take part in her most intimate experiences. She describes in detail what really happens on and off the set. Now Gloria Is All Yours. She created phone fantasy and now you can finally reach out and touch this sensuous star!



Are You Lonely? Shy? In Need of some Stimulating

Conversation or would you like to just Listen to others ?

Call Anytime 24 Hrs.

1-800-444-KELY

1 - 8 0 0 - 4 4 4 - 5 3 5 9

- Live Talk w/Girls
- Wild Messages
- Crazy Confessions
- · One-On-One Love Line

\$1,49 PER 1/2 MINUTE

- Billed Discreetly to VISA or M/C as FUNTALK NÉTWORK
- Have your VISA or M/C # ready to enter by touch tone phone
- Must be 21 years or older







Get'em while you can! To introduce you to our discreet and reliable service, Adam & Eve is making this extraordinary offer. For just \$12.95, you'll get 4 super-hot sex videos-Exotic SinSations, Confessions Of Professional Centerfolds, Obsessed! and Ultra X. And as a SPECIAL BONUS, you get 3 more sizzling hot videos — ABSO-LUTELY FREE!

BUY 4 SUPER-HOT VIDEOS FOR ONLY \$12.95 **GET 3 BONUS VIDEOS** FREE! \$110.00 VIDEO VALUE!

21/2 Incredible Hours of Nonstop Adult Video Action!







EXOTIC SINSATIONS

Obsessed!—Barbara Dare, Sheena Horne, Cara Lott and more. Barbara and Cara shoot more than pool with two hot hunks... Krista Lane works up a real sweat with her gym instructor... Sheena Horne and Barbie Blake share a steamy bubble bath with a wet and willing dude...and three gorgeous babes explore the forbidden world of sapphic sex.

Exotic SinSations-See erotic, exotic women from around the world—raven-haired Hyapatia Lee loves 2 lusty guys at once...Asian beauty, Kristara Barrington satisfies her lover's hungry lust... Brazilian bombshell, Elle Rio goes wild with Tom Byron and Jon Martin...and Lilly Wong reveals the Oriental techniques that have made her an international star!

Ultra X-Too hot to handle! Petite Brandy Wine gives her horny professor a tasty lesson in love... Crystal Breeze takes 2 lusty dudes on an erotic tour of her Hollywood rooftop... Ginger Lynn and buxom Christy Canyon share lusty treats... and Angela Baron wriggles and writhes with blonde bombshell, Victoria Paris. HOT!

Confessions of Professional

Centerfolds—Now see three super-horny gals display their lusty appetites—Kascha makes love to super-hunk François Papillon...Barbi squirms in ecstasy as Marc Wallice gives her the full measure of pleasure...and Laurel Canyon goes head to head with her well-muscled boyfriend.



Plus—Yours FREE TRIPLE VIDEO BONANZA!

This trio of sexy sizzlers is so hot, we can't describe the action here. We can say they feature stars like Jamie (The Brat) Summers, Kristara Lane, Angela Baron (in a pleasure-filled bubble bath) plus a 4way orgy that will take your breath away!

100% MONEY-BACK **GUARANTEE!**



48 PAGE COLOR SEX CATALOG WITH **EVERY ORDER!**

Use Your VISA or MasterCard Order By PhoneToll Free 1-800-334-5474

9 a.m - 9 p.m. (ET) 7 days a weel

-	City State	Zip	in AL, MS, N	E, WY).
i	Address		By submittin certify that I age 18 or old	am an adult der (age 21
1	Name		Total	*
	Print clearly:		Order Total	s
	Exp. Date Signature		Rush Servi ADD \$2.00	
1	Acct. No.		Delivery & Handling	\$ 3.00
	P.O. Box 900, Dept.HU261 Carrboro, NC 27510 Yes! Send my 4 HOT VIDE(packaging. I understand I'm cow videos will arrive on one videoce Check (of one: I want my video Method of Payment: Check or Bank Money Order	ered by your 30-day mon assette.	ey-back guar	
-	Adam & Eve Video Offer	Sorry, No Ci	ash Or COD's	#2469

JOIN THE PARTY ON AMERICA'S HOTTEST

WE'RE READY TO SATISFY YOU!

You've found it! America's hottest phone lines where the gals are always ready and waiting to take care of you! Experience captivating fantasy, live

talk and adult fun. Plus, you'll get the real names and home phone numwant to meet you! Call Now!

HOT NUMBERS! SIZZLING SECRETS 1-900-468-HIDE

(THAT'S 1-900-468-4433)

Housewives, Coeds, Teachers Confess Their Secret Sins

COED DATELINE

(THAT'S 1-900-246-2633)

Get the real names and numbers of luscious ladies who want you for Oneto-One Talk and In Person Meetings

REAL WOMEN

(THAT'S 1-900-468-5825)

Some a little overweight, some a little older, but they need love, too! Connect with a lady who will really appreciate you!

FEMALE FANTASIES 1-900-246-NICE

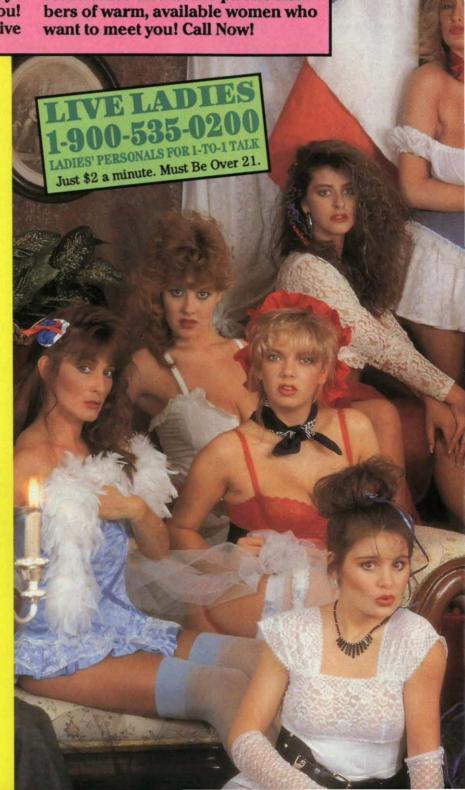
(THAT'S 1-900-246-6423)

Have you ever wondered what women really think about? Now here are their most Private and Personal Fantasies!

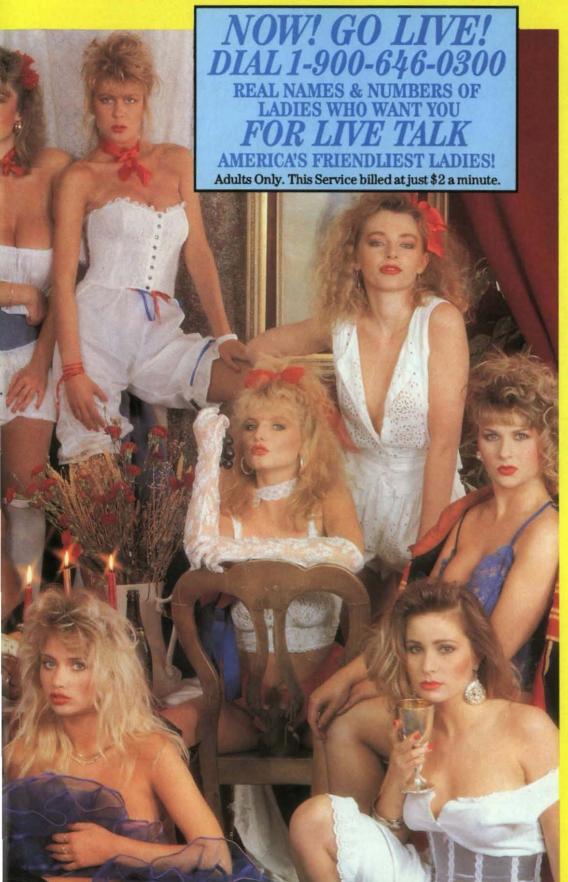
ADULT ACTION 1-900-246-0800

Lovely Ladies - they're ready for dates and they're ready for mates. For Friendship, Romance and Adult Fun. Call Now!

All calls just \$2 a minute. Adults Only.



LINES FOR FANTASY ADULT FUN & DATINGS



TRY THESE HOT NUMBERS

FEM CONFESSIONS Real Gals Tell All

1-900 **246-KIŞŞ**

PARTY GIRLS
Want Men For Dates

1-900 FUN-GIRL 3 8 6 - 4 4 7 5

EAVESDROP

On Women's Private Dreams

1-900 230-8899

THE LACE LINE For Loving Contacts

1-900 230-LAÇE

> Above Calls Just \$2 a minute. Adults Only.







PLEASURES!

No credit cards needed! • \$2 per min. • Charged to your phone. • 18 years or older.

HOT SPOT 14

Wild Wet Women 1-900-454-5300 LIVE. HOT EROTICA ADULTS ONLY RESIDENCE OF THE

★ Live Fantasy Call ★ Free Photo ★

1-900-820-4503

No credit card needed - \$25 per call - 24 hours

HEAR TANTALIZING TALES FROM BRITISH TARTS *\$2.00 min* 1-900-226-4433 *24 HRS.*

CUM DEEP SEA DIVING IN MY LOVE OCEAN 1-900-329-7700

\$5 PER MINJADULTS ONLY

EROTIC FANTASIES 1-900-872-9433

Wanda's Lewd Awakening 1-900-872-4667 \$2/MIR

ANGELA IS WET WILD READY. LIVE PHONE AFFAIRS. 1-900-988-1201 \$2.19/Min. on 10 + Min.

EXPERIENCE THE ULTIMATE KINKY FANTASY 1-900-463-7325 sa

AND FOR THE HORNIEST GIRLS EVER! 1-900-463-4332 \$3

Always Ready 1-900-446-4006 Always Live! SWEET SENSATIONS!! Warm, Wet and Wild Pussy Waiting for You! \$15 call.

MEET USA NYMPHOS, SASE, Box 910, Houma, LA 70361

HORNY? 1-900-999-SLUT \$1,49 a MIN/\$2.95 1st **ERUPTING VOLCANOES OF FLESH** ARE WAITING FOR YOU

LIVE 1-900-990-1880 1-on-1 \$5 PER MIN./ADULTS ONLY

LIVE 1 ON 1 NASTY GIRLS

MC/VISA 1-800-437-2299

DREAM GIRLS!! 1-900-226-2286 Always Hot!!

Private One on One conversations with beautiful and exotic women. Live and uncensored.

TALK LIVE ONE ON ONE TO HORNY HOUSEWIVES THAT LIKE REAR DELIVERIES

1-900-988-9995 \$5 per min./ADULTS ONLY

1-900-370-9919 MEET BEAUTIFUL SEXY LADIES TONIGHT \$2/1ST min. \$1/add min. (over 18)

SEXY LAUREL, 22, 1-415-388-6476 *FREE CALL* **CUM LICK MY PINK LIPS**

1-303-892-1661

SEXY GIRLS! 1-900-420-8370 OVR 18 DATES! CONFESSIONS! 1-900-420-6370 SEMIN.

MUFF DIVE INTO MY ALL AMERICAN TWAT...

1-900-329-L5I4C2K5

LIVE NO RESTRICTIONS 98¢ PER 1 MIN. \$5 MINIMUM

LIVE 1-900-999-6677 GIRLS FANTASIES .99 min. /\$2. 1st 24 HOURS FETISH PHONE SEX: AMY 415-885-0676 VMC/AE

> WET & HOT 1-900-468-4386 \$2MIN. KISS MY "LIPS" 1-900-847-2727 S3MIN

HOT 1-800-388-6677 COEDS LIVE PHONE SEX \$1.99/MIN. V/MC

SEX PARTY LINE 1-800-444-2672 semin VMC

HOT LIVE PHONE SEX 1-818-753-9494 EXT. #3 \$10 PER CALL- NO CREDIT CARD NECESSARY

LUSTY LETTERS-FULFILL YOUR FANTASY SEND \$2.00 WITH SASE TO 4546 E. Ashland #3239 Fresno, CA 93726

HOT SPOT ADVERTISING Phone (619) 322-5092

SCENES OF AS LOW GIRLS! GIRLS in quantity



We've assembled this collection of the hottest XXX rated lesbian titles for this low introductory offer. Each 30 minute tape features every form of lesbian lust imaginable including a cavalcade of todays luscious lesbians. Choose ng titles.

> ■ Muff Buff □ Tongues Clits R Us

☐ Touch Me ☐ Cunt Hunt

☐ Honey Pot

☐ Muff Divers ☐ Pussy To Pussy

☐ Eating Out

Lips On Lips

☐ Satin Dolls

☐ Toys of Joy

☐ Cirifriends

Lesbian Lovers

■ Womans World

□ Twat Ticklers

☐ Toys for Cirls

☐ Lez Co Naked

☐ Dripping Snatch

☐ Gash Bash ☐ Dildo Push

☐ Shaved Snatch

☐ Luscious Lesbians

☐ Bitches

☐ Snatch

rom these 50 sizzi
☐ Clits & Tits
☐ Cunt To Cunt
□ Dildo Fucks
□ Pussy Strokes
☐ Lez Be Friends
☐ Silky Sucks
☐ Hot & Pink
□ Kinky Coeds
 Batteries Include
■ Muff Massage
□ Lez Lust

- □ Snatch Sisters Vibrating Vixens □ Pussy Eaters ☐ Breast Friends
- ☐ Pussy Pals ☐ Strap It On ☐ Twat Squats
- □ Cunt Lappers ☐ Double Pussy
- ☐ Dildo Riders ☐ Hot Lickin' Lez ☐ Best Friends
- ☐ Finger Fucks ☐ Snatch Snack
- All models are 18 yrs. of age. Records on file.
- □ Any 4 titles \$13 □ ☐ Any 25 titles \$21 ☐ Any 50 titles \$25 ☐ Any 10 titles \$18 Add \$5 for P/H on all orders

☐ Add \$2 for Delivery Insurance Please Specify: VHS BETA

Customer satisfaction inquires only 219-942-0303

Send entire ad FEMALE FINALE Dept. AW1 & remittance: p.o. Box 12007 Merrillville, IN 46411

Name		 	
Add			
City			

St./Zip_

No orders shipped without signature Signature Age/B-date

I am 18 yrs. old & request this material

Vibrators To Tickle Your Wildest Desire

Soft Touch - Super soft, nontextured latex vibrator. 8 Code #1475 Was \$28.95 Now Only \$9.95

The Vibrating Twig -7" long latex shaft rotates for vaginal ecstasy as vibrating "thumb" dances on your clitoris. Code #2445 Only \$13.50

The Corkscrew — Ridged pleasure to clitoris, vagina, anus. 9" long 11/2" thick shaft. Multi-speed with remote Code #2077 Only \$18.95

Mr. Thick — For ladies who hunger for a thick shaft. 1¾" thick. 6" long. Pleasure-nubbed base.

Code #8750 Only \$14.95

Mr. Thin -7!/2" of probing sensuality. 1 3/8" wide shaft—perfect for deep-thrusting penetration. Code #8850 Only \$14.95

Black Tower — Soft ebony "foreskin" rolls back like an uncircumcised penis! 2" thick and 81/4" long. Multi-speed. uncircumcised penis! 2" thick and 81/4" long. Multi-speed. Code #5050 Was \$22.95 Now \$18.95

Mr. Satisfier - 10 full soft-latex inches. Soft veined sur-Code #2869 Was \$21.95 Now Only \$13.95

 $\begin{array}{ll} \textbf{Caress} & -\text{ So flesh-like, it feels like the real thing. Flexes} \\ \text{to your cody contours. Multi-speed.} \\ \textbf{Code \#6148 Only \$12.95} \end{array}$

The Equalizer — 4½" long anal stimulator delivers loaded rear-end entry. Multi-speed remote control vibrations. Code #1285 Only \$22.95

Black Beauty — Super-flexible 1" thick, 7" long black vibrator. Multi-speed vibes plus bulging clitoral stimulator Code #1191 Was \$19.95 Now Only \$16.95

Big 10-Inch-Fill-her up pleasure. Flexible 10-inch long, 2½" thick latex phallus. Foam-filled — feels like the real thing! Multi-speed vibrations. Code #2450 Was \$24.95 Now Only \$16.95

Bonus Book With Any Vibrator Purchase From **This Ad.** — Electric Ecstasy is a photo-illustrated guide to using a vibrator. A \$4.95 value — yours free when you purchase any vibrator from this ad.

SAVE 5.00! GET 4 SEX BOOKS Only 11.95!



FREE PHOTO BOOK
To introduce you to Adam & Eve's exclusive line of sexual bestsellers, we're making an unline of sexual bestsellers, we're making an un-precedented offer! A FREE 176 page book bursting with explicit photos of the most arous surface photos of the most arous-ing sexual positions you've ever seen! Send just \$2 for postage and handling and we'll rush your FREE photo book plus our latest catalog. Code #1652 \$2.00 p&h



101 SEXUAL POSITIONS

Red-Hot! 101 sizzling sex posi-tions — explicitly photographed and described! Discover exciting erotic secrets to turn you on . . . and into a lusty lover. 160 pages packed with uncen-

sored photos. Code #3121 \$4.98



Signature

Sorry, No Cash Or COD's.

ADAM & EVE CUSTOMERS TELL ALL

Uncensored Lust! Here are the best of those sizzling adventures and fantasy stories sent to us by our customers. This exciting volume is a pure turn-on; 159 pulse-pounding pages including dozens of explicit photos. Code #2326 \$4.95



BANNED!

FREE

The illustrated Kama Sutra is a book of sexual positions that you will never forget. Dozens of positions for sexual intercourse, oral sex, sex with erotic sex aids and more! Now this Hindu trea-

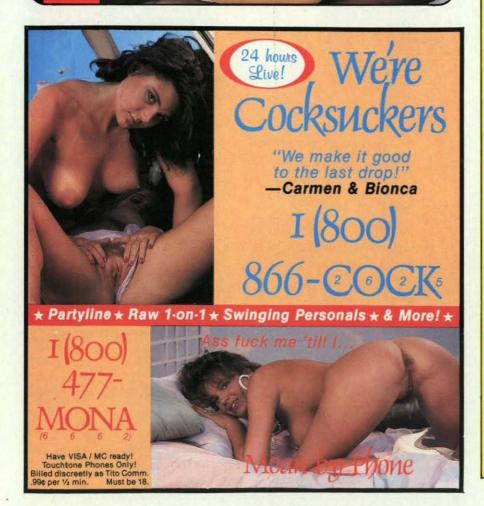
All four books plus FREE Catalog #7055 \$11.95

Adam & Eve . P.O. Box 900, Dept.	HU262 • 1	Carrboro, NC 2	27510
Enclosed is my check, money order or charge information. Please rush in plain package under money-back guarantee, the items listed below. Also send my special FREE MYSTERY GIFT!		OLL FREE 1-800-3 minimum for charge orders,	
Name	List products	by code # and price.	
Address	Product Code #	Price	FREE
City State Zip		\$	CATALO
		\$	COA.
☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA		\$	
Exp. Date		\$	100
Acct #		\$	13/12
Acct #	Mystery Gift	FREE	Ad

Order Total \$

HOT WAZPLIE





GIRLS AND MORE GIRLS!



I WANT TO PARTY WITH ONLY YOU!
I'mLUSCIOUS, I'm HOT, I'm WET
ALL WHERE IT COUNTS!
I'LL STIMULATE YOUR LIFE!

Talk Or Eavesdrop Anytime 24 Hours

1-800-695-DAWN (1-800-695-3296) CALL NOW!!

DAWN IS "HOT!"

She NEEDS
A Sexy Phone Friend!

\$1.49 per 1/2 minute

- · Have Credit Card Ready
- Touch Tone Phones Only
- Billed Discreetly To Visa/MC As: ARC NETWORK
- Must Be 21 Years Old

1-800-695-DAWN (1-800-695-3296)



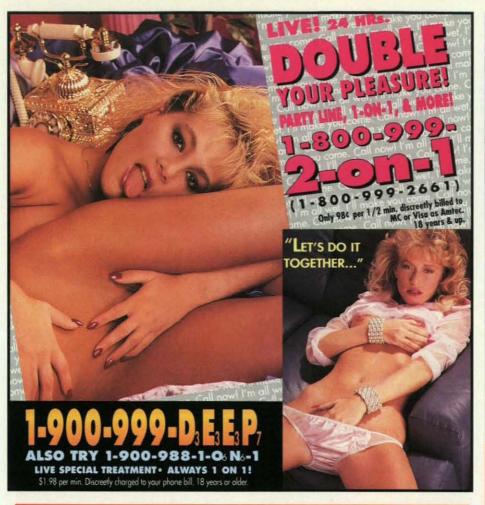






ou can bet my ass we

give the best LIVE







TOUCH ME 1-900

FEEL THE HEAT DO IT NOW!

Over 21 only. \$2 per min.



...ON THE TWO FOR ONE LINE!

1-900

Two hot girls for every guy. Even more girls if you want. The girls are waiting to talk to you!

ONE ON ONE CONNECTIONS 1-900

(THAT'S 1-900-568-5483) TWO DOLLARS A MINUTE. ADULTS ONLY.

PULSATING PUSSY



bachelor's friend's Something warm, and wet, and wonderful, designed to make even the softest of schlongs get up and hold its head high! Far be it from us to advocate masturbation, but in the event you can't find a willing pussy that's attached to a hot body, use the new PULSATING PUSSY and take your troubles in hand! Battery operated, vibrator driven, natural appearing and natural appearing and feeling, the new PULSATING PUSSY is

\$18.00

PLEASURE PECKERS



Six, seven or eight inch ersatz penise Strap one on her for that she-male look! Or slide it over your cock and drive her wild with double-dick dreams. This is a lifelike penis that stands rigid yet is soft and supple low inside and LOTS of FLINI

\$7.00 ea.

STAY-UP



Probably the worst thing that can happen to a swinging stud like you, is when you're ready for SUPER HOT and HORNY night of loving, and you blow your cum before the person you're with even gets wet and slicky! "STAY-UP" has been designed with you in mind! Scientifically formulated to assist in getting it up and keeping it up. "STAY-UP" will put the punch back into your prick, and keep it up, hot, hard and ready! This is truly the answer to a maiden's prayer!

\$6.00

GROOVE TUBE PUMP



you to enlarge your cock to its maximum size. Your hard-ons will be bigger, stiffer, and longer lasting. This organ enlarger has been tested and proven for many years.

Slip your dick into this machine and sexercise

your weapon. This vac-

uum devise will help

270H

\$13.00

SLIM-LINE VIBRATOR



152C

This handy little VARI-ABLE SPEED VIBRA-TOR delivers BIG, BIG SENSATIONS right where you want them. A solid 6" of sturdy plastic, it's powerful pulsator will DRIVE HER WILD! Small enough to take anywhere use anywhere-on her CLIT, in her PUSSY, or up the ASS! Cums in RED or BLACK. BAT-TERIES INCLUDED

\$7.00 EA

ANAL INTRUDER KIT



533A

FOR THE SERI OUS COLLECTOR OF EROTICA WHO'S INTO ANAL MATE ANAL KIT The foundation of the fun starts with a 7-inch vibrator, batteries included so you can get right in-to action, with your partner's bottom up

\$28.00

SLIP ON DONG



Just slip it on and be gently caressed by the soft, skin-like latex. She straps it on, slips into it like panties, and she fucks you up the ass. or fucks her girlfriend. It's complete with a 7" solid cock you've wanted to try all those kinky fantasies.

\$30.00

ANAL AROUSER



Is that tight little bung-hole a little tough to ge into, without a quart of and a broken back? Try the ANAL AROUSER slips in nice and easy. then by using the bulb you can pump it up, an your partner's asshole opens. It also vibrates, a has a remote control the will quiver your balls wh you watch him (or her)

141P

\$20.00

JACK HAMMER



266U

Give her a 110 Volt charge Just plus this eight-inch electric plunging penisshaped vibrator into the wall - and watch her climb the walls. Soft-latex covering a ribbed, springy go-getter. Get this and get her going!

\$33.00

THE BOLD BUNCH HANDLER DUKE STUD

750G



259H 259K 259Y 259G

Put some fun in your sex life! These hot vibrators are the life of the party! Each is flexible, yet strongly-rigid. Natural-shaped and ready for any kinky kind of action you want-or she wants. Left to right: THE MANHANDLER is a 9" dandy that is tough and formidable looking and just the right size for that big, big bang. THE DUKE has an 8" shaft that will tease and tantalize you and your mate to the highest pitch of passion. THE STUD is an 81/2" vibrator that might steal the scene arouse your ardor fast . . . to the fucking fullest. The Super Stud is 10" of pleasure that will fill up all available holes. Buy all four and add a spice of pleasure to her life.

\$13.00 EACH

SUPER SHIRLEY



This 5 foot life size doll holds up to 200 pounds of your body. She has long silky hair with her matching vaginal hair complete with three holes to be filled. Soft fleshlike skin with ripe young breasts and luscious vagina that vibrates at your

450P

\$49.00

ORO-STIMULATOR



Strokes up and down, up and down with a degree of control from a feather touch to a definite squeeze!! Once the ORO STIMULATOR is in place, your hands never need touch your penis!! You can change positions, lie on your back, kneel stand up, sit the ORO STIMULATOR will still gently or firmly, stroke you!! NOTHING can mold itself to you like this exciting device!! Excitement you can hold in your hand!!

\$28.00 268F

EJACUMATIC



HAND

JOB

it, you'll cream all over it. Made of lifelike latex, it has a little motor built-in that'll shake your socks off! Press the squeeze ball pump and pump up for some real fun. Requires two AA batteries, not included Prepare for a BLAST

\$25.00 272D

CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-421-7251

FOR VISA OR MASTERCARD USE ONLY

ERIK IMPORTS

DEPT H 1091

Exp.

\$13.00

13.00

49.00

28.00

25.00

16.00

5.00

1640 W. Adams Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90007 Add \$3.00 per order for handling & postage Calif. residents add 7 % Sales Tax.

OFFER VOID IN CANADA

X			
	Signature	I certify I am over 19 years	of age.
Name			
Address			
City		State	Zip
Charge m	v credit card as	follows: Masterca	rd 🗆 Visa

A REAL DICK



170M

This 6 inch cock and 2 inches across with balls and the feel of flesh will get that pussy and bung-hole ready for action. Made of flesh colored latex, and molded to look and feel like a cock ready for action for any kinky fantasy you've wanted to try!

\$16.00

HANDJOB LUBRICATING

HOLD ON, THERE, PARTNER. This stuff is SLIPPERYI A rare and exotic TURTLE EMOLLIENT makes this a real gush-rusher! She'll lead you to her G-spot. She'll land you on her clit. She'll hijack your hand to lube her nipples. And she'll play all day with your penis if you let her dab a drop or two of this body-lubricant-compatible lotion

\$5.00 234A

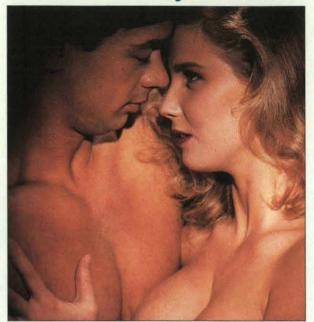
Card No				Exp
□ 152C	\$18.00	□ 264D	\$ 7.00	□ 259K
☐ 103A	7.00	□ 533A	28.00	□ 259Y
☐ 103B	7.00	□ 750G	30.00	☐ 450P
☐ 103C	7.00	☐ 141P	20.00	☐ 268F

Checks and Money Orders Accepted

268F □ 209A 6.00 □ 266U 33.00 □ 272D □ 270H 13.00 □ 259G 13.00 □ 170M □ 264C 7.00 □ 259H 13.00 □ 234A

Please send free illustraded brochure.

Women want to make a date with you now!



Why Fantasize... when you can have the real thing?

Personal ads arranged by Area Code from Women who want to meet men in your area! GUARANTEED: NO PHONIES!

1-900-786-DATE(3283)

"The Line Women Like Best!"

No Credit Card Needed! \$1/min. \$2 first min. with Private Voice Mail.

CONNECTION

Also call 1-900-990-1314

Women's Phone Numbers (arranged by area code) \$2.50/min.

1-900-726-GIRL (4475)

Feminine Confessions \$2/min.

1-900-226-MALE (6253)

Men's Personal Ads \$2.50/min.







Let's Talk Any time . . . Call Raquel

1-900-999-7879 1-800-876-5634

- 24 Hours
- One on One Or Partyline

\$2.00 per minute

- Billed Discreetly to VISA or M/C as M.D.H.
- Have your VISA or M/C # ready to enter by touchtone phone
- . Must be over 18 years old



FILL UP ALL MY LOVE HOLES - I'M WET AND READY!

Call Kitty at

N.Y.'S HORNIEST

(718) 520-8023

V MC AMEX

THE FANTASY CONNECTION Call Toll Free - 24hrs

1-800-922-7825



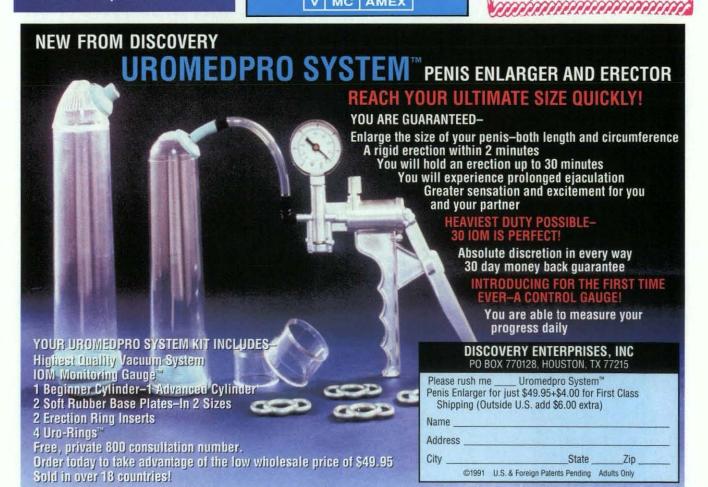
Canada 1-313-669-4511

A creative sexy girl of your dreams will call you back immediately for a ro-

mantic experience, of anything your HARD desires.
MC/VISA

Put a little JOY in your life!









LIVE: "Our Best Service"

1-900-329-1212

\$15.00 a Call

Phone Fanfasy
"Any Way You Like It"

1-900-226-4652

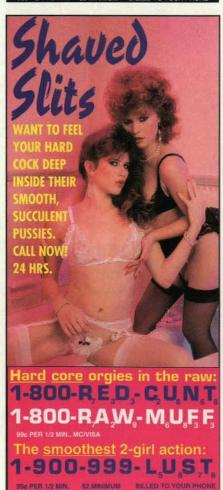
Dial-R-Date

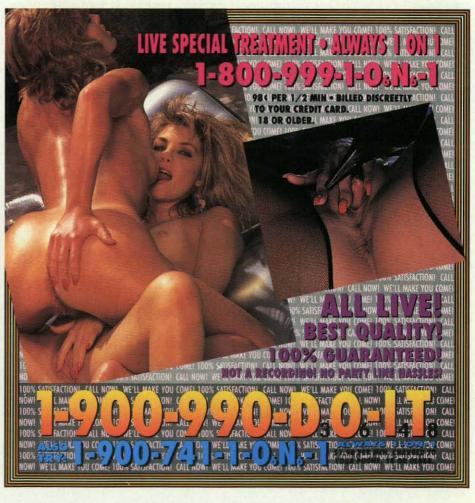
"Instant Names & Numbers"

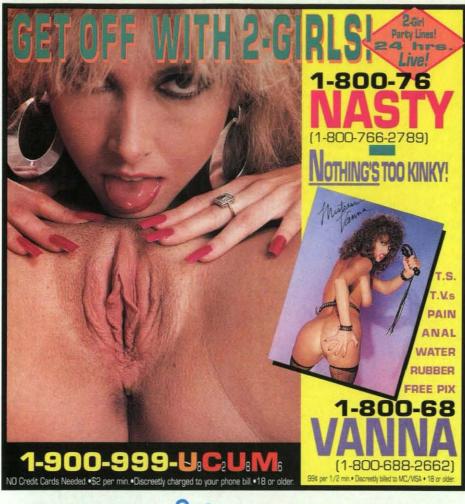
1-900-246-6060

1-900-226-2925

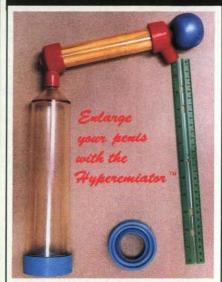
FREE Swingers Contact 1-901-458-6593











You can now buy this beautifully designed heavy duty **HYPEREMIATOR**™ (Organ Enlarger) direct from the Factory. Shipped very Promptly and Discreetly packaged.

This amazing new design and technique has been tested thoroughly thru housands of user's and proven effective

We guarantee our Hyperemiator will get the following results for you, or your money refunded:

- · Increase size of organ, both diameter and
- · Obtain immediate rigid erection, even though normal erection may be difficult.
 Cause penis to be more sensitive to touch.
- Increase staying power.
- Intensify excitement and desire.

A FIRST: The above result's are obtained only with the Special Built Pulsating, Retained Vacuum and Triple Valve system. None other has this unique feature.

THIS UNIT IS A WELL

ENGINEERED PRODUCT — NOT A TOY!

What you receive when you place your order with us: ☐ A complete Hyperemiator with instructions, discreetly packaged, ready to use.

□ PLUS - A Certificate of Warranty, guaranteeing a full refund if not completely happy with your results.

For this complete bargain package - Order Now, direct from the manufacturer and save Money. Your price from us is ONLY \$29.95 - If you purchased this same Quality item from a distributor you would pay \$50.55. Save \$20.60 and still get the best there is.

ORDER NOW FROM

UNIQUE PRODUCTS, INC	ı
P.O. Box 721440 . Houston, TX 77272	

P.O. B	0x /21440 • Hous	ton, 1 x //2/2
Organ Enlar	ne Special Built He ger) for just \$29.95 + \$4 erseas and Canada add \$	1.00 shipping & special
Name (please	print)	
Address		
City		
State	Zip _	
Enclosed ple	ase find money order	check in the
amount of:		(cash not accepted)
\$4.00	Subtotal Shipping & Handling	(Patent Pending on this Special Unit)



PURE PLEASURE



New!
The Best Private
Phone sex!

1-818-990-ORGY

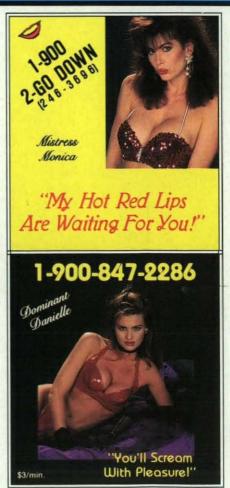
HOT LIVE!

1-800-933-LOVE(5683) 1-800-933-SINN(7466)

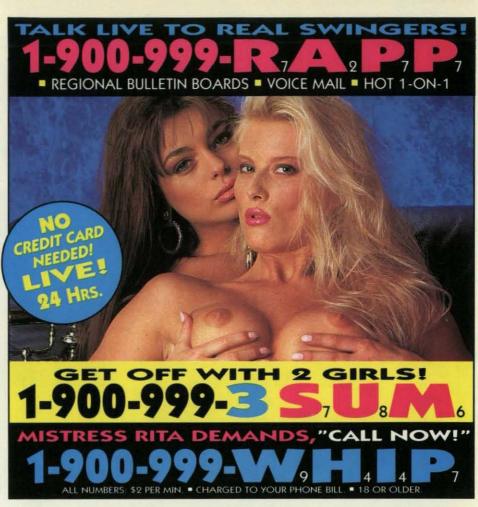


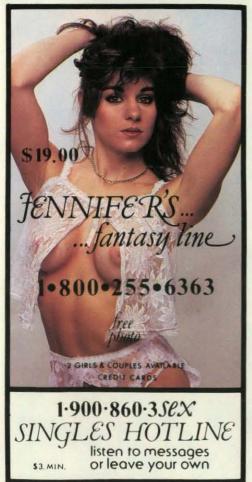
BILLED ON MC/VISA AS GAMMA UPSILON, MEMBERS OF SYSTEM 800 GROUP ONLY 994 PER HALF MIN. MUST BE 18.

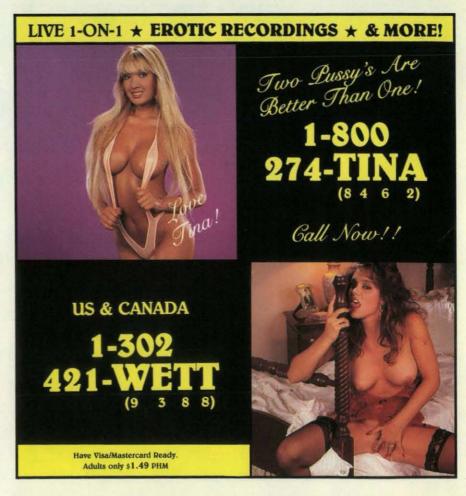












REAL GIRLS TELL THE REAL STORY



Jennifer Merideth, St. Louis. "I ain't exactly your typical fancy party line model, but then again those stuckup girls ain't gonna fuck you. Me and my friends are just regular girls looking for a good time with a guy like you..."



Margarita Izzarita, New York City.
"What's great about Partners Party Line is they got live, friendly operators, sweetheart facilitators and none of that electronic bullshit like those fake bulletin boards and recordings."

Alese Seward, Wind River Indian Reservation. "You'll really have a chance to meet adventurous women like me on the Partners Party line because they advertise FREE service to women." (In Playgirl and True Romance)



use your charge card or get an instant credit account Cecily W., Las Vegas. "Yeah, I'm a street girl by night but I find my real lovers on the Partners Party Line. They're open 24 hours a day - (and so am I, sweet thing)."



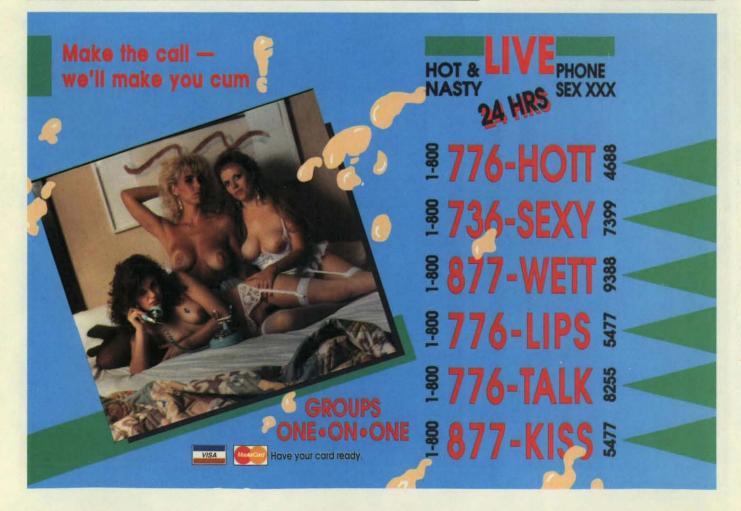
per minute (NOT JUST 1/2 MINUTE!)

702 - 385 - 2222

PHONE NUMBER EXCHANGES AND GET-TOGETHERS ALLOWED AND ENCOURAGED



The more you use me, the



cemes of nitures

30 minutes of Transsexual Action!!!



Now you can have the most bizarre collection of sizzling XXX She-Male shows. We are making them available for a limited time at introductory prices. If you're a connoisseur of this special treat then we know that after you take advantage of this fantastic buy, you'll order again & again. Each 30 min. tape is Jammed with unbellevable She-Male action. All models are 18 yrs, of age, Records on file,

- ☐ Dicks on Chicks ☐ Gender Bender
- Dicks in Black Lace Surprise! Surprise!
- ☐ Male Order Bride
- ☐ Strange Kicks ☐ Fooled Ya!
- ☐ Best of Both Worlds
- Trans Fest ☐ Pumping Bitches
- □ Undercover
- Boner Babes Chicks With Dicks
- ☐ Femme Jocks
- ☐ Tops & Bottoms

- ☐ Filled Panties ☐ Fake Out
- ☐ Trans Affair ☐ Bizarre Babes
- ☐ Sharon Lee □ Half-N-Half
- ☐ Tits & Dicks
- ☐ Julle Bond Dick Dolls
- ☐ Born Male
- □ Bulging Skirts
- Deviant Diversion □ Lelani
- ☐ Transsexual Sluts ☐ Tube Steak

PRICES: Any One \$7 Any Ten \$14 ☐ Any Twenty \$20 ☐ All Thirty \$22.50

POSTAGE/HANDLING: 1-10 add \$4 □ Any 20 add \$5
□ All 30 add \$6

Please Specify: □ VHS □ BETA Customer satisfaction inquires only call 219-942-0303

Send entire ad TRANS VIDEO Dept. AW1 & remittance: P.O. Box 370 New Buffalo, MI 49117-0370

Name	100			
Add			MA	
City				

St./Zip No orders shipped without signature

Age/R-date I am 18 yrs. old & request this material

Do you want a huge dong?

Have you ever envied those who had them...erect measurements of 9, 10, even 11 inches. We wish we could promise you that 11-inch equivalent of the Hebrew National Salami, though we'd be lying if we did. But if you are average hung WE
CAN AND DO promise you at least
an 8-inch ram-rod in less than 8
weeks. Won't she be surprised
when she sees it? And won't you feel ten times the
man you used to be when you slide it in and reach

the end? SAFE TO USE. No drugs to take, no lead weights to wear, no anesthetizing creams to use. And the most amazing part is the price...only \$9.95. Imagine, an 8-or-more-inch cock in 8 weeks or less for just \$9.95...practically nothing when compared to the pleasure you and your partner will derive from it. **DON'T WAIT.** The sooner you get started the sooner you'll have your new, giant, ram-rod. Send \$9.95 plus \$2 postage and handling to:

EXERTONE, Box 15745- HU169, N Hollywood, CA 91615

ERECTION PROBLEMS?

Our formula borrows upon centuries old herbal remedies American Indians discovered so called "miracle drugs" American indians discovered so called miracle drugs in nature...like ASPIRIN in birch bark, QUININE in chin-chona, DIGITALIS in floxglove. Their big discovery was DAMIANA, which they used as a stimulant for long, powerful erections. Since the 8th century the Chinese have used GINSENG to increase their sexual power, while in Central America natives have used SARSAPA-While in Central America natives have used SANSARA-RILLA for the same purpose. Our formula combines all of these legendary products into a single capsule for daily use. We call it **SUPER MALE TONIC**. An agency of the U.S. Govt., without clinical tests, has restricted us from labeling SUPER MALE TONIC as an aphrodisiac. We make no such claim. But we have had THOUSANDS OF REPEAT CUSTOMERS since we started selling it in 1974

If you have erection worries and are look-ing for relief we can promise you this: You | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180

ORGO PHARMACAL, Dept. HU1 Box 530, Van Nuys, CA 91405



X-RATED VIDEO AND SEX TOYS!

The Sexual Adventure That Never Ends!



Just fill out the coupon below and we'll rush our brand-new 64 PAGE ALL COLOR CATALOG crammed with HOT, HOT VIDEOS, SUPER SEXY VIBRATORS, LOVE KITS, POTIONS, LOTIONS AND MORE! Everything you need to have a really great time! And everything we sell comes with our iron-clad guarantee of satisfaction. You'll love it or we'll refund your

When you place your order we'll keep you informed about our GREAT MONTHLY SPECIALS, CASH GIVEAWAYS, FREE TRIPS AND A WHOLE LOT

Don't delay. Send in the coupon today to begin the sexual adventure that never ends! The catalog is absolutely FREE so you have nothing to lose and a lot to gain



Ultra Corporation P.O. Box 3560, Milford, CT 06460-0399

Please rush me my Bedside Delights in an unmarked envelope absolutely FREE!

Canadians! Send coupon to Ultra Corp., 4944 Decane Blvd. CP305. Montreal Que. H3X 3T6. All orders shipped from within Canada PLEASE TYPE OR PRINT CLEARLY:

Name	(I am over 21 years of age)	
Signature	- 43	
Address _		

SCENES OF ADULT ON VIDEO TAP

ALL YOU PAY IS THE FREIGHT CHARGE! ONLY 50¢ EACH VIDEO!

This is not a ripoff! We represent a consortium of video tape distributors who are looking for active buyers of hardcore video. They want to find out who you are so bad they are willing to give their product away in hopes of future business. With this purchase you'll qualify for the I-o-o-owest prices and biggest selection of hardcore videos guaranteed! This is a one time offer, one purchase per household, please. So act now. All tapes come with a satisfaction guarantee - if not delighted for any reason return within 30 days for a prompt and courteous exchange, credit or refund. No questions asked! All tapes are recorded in high resolution color with complete musical score and genuine uncensored hardcore action



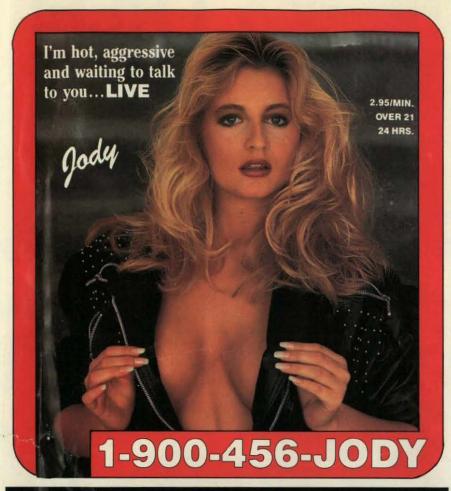
All models are 18 or older. Records are on file

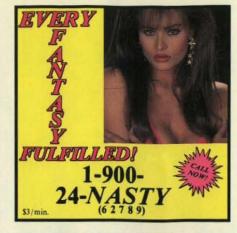
YOU PAY FREIGHT ONLY! ALL 30 ONLY \$151

SEND TO: DEO BLOWOUT Dept. AW1 P.O. Box 10935 Merrillville, IN 46411 ☐ Yes send all 30 full-length scenes I enclose \$15 for P&H (50¢ ea) Canadians and foreigners remit in US funds sorry NO COD ■ Money Order ■ Check as payment in full Please specify UVHS BETA ☐ \$2 Insurance & special handling

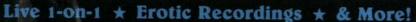
1	I ONLY! U ALL 30 ONLY \$1
NAM	E
ADD	RESS
CITY	
ST/ZI	P
THE RESERVE AND ADDRESS OF THE PARTY OF THE	orders shipped without signature.

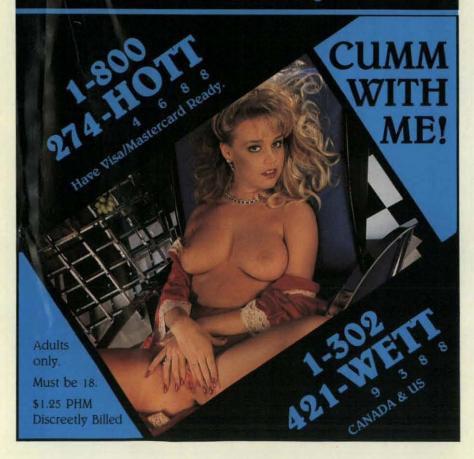
AGE/B-DAY I am over 18 and request this material.







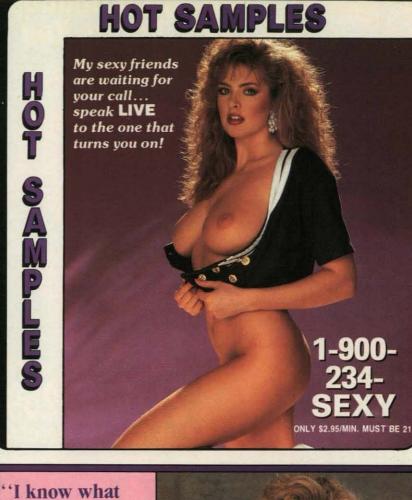
























HOT SAMPLES

Hear hot, horny women and talk to the one that turns you on. Have a LIVE CONVERSATION Not a party line — just private hot-talk.

SECRET CONFESSIONS

Hot, sexy women tell all.

EROTIC MESSAGE EXCHANGE

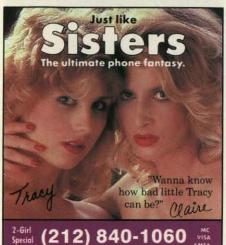
Listen, send or receive hot, uncensored messages.

1-900-234-SEXY

ONLY \$2,95/MIN. OVER 21 24 HOURS









THE BAD NEWS IS:

We're Sold Out 354,000 / 118 Page World Famous Catalogs ARE GONE

THE GOOD NEWS IS:

Our 256 Page Catalog
Is Rolling Off The Press.
Contact Us For Details



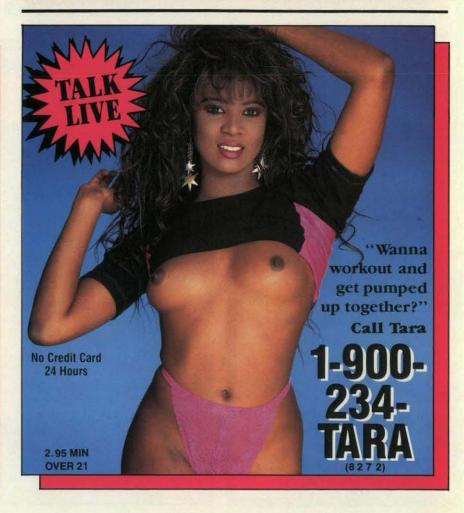
Phone Sex Fantasy Virgins!

Hot,
Wet C
Ready

Gail

Live Phone Sex
Adults Only
24 HRS

213-556-1244



THE EMPORIUM

CANADA'S LUST LINE. WE LUST FOR YOU! 1-800-FOR-LUST. (Major credit cards)

"HOT TALKING PERSONALS" 1-900-646-4646. Listen or Record. Straight/Kinky. \$2/min. FREE INFO. 305-565-4455x9119

FREE SAMPLES

HOT WOMEN WANT TO TURN YOU ON, 212-929-5056
BIZARRE PHONE PSYCHODRAMA, X-Dress Now!
212-472-2769 201-487-4733 V/MC/Amex 24Hrs.

Heather is Hot-Heather is Horny Heather is Available.
Call her at 1-900-988-6060 and Heather will fantasize with you at a time and number of your choice.
Only \$19.95 call

Hear Real People Confess Their Sins! Confess Your Sins. Call 4-900-896-0600 \$1/Minute \$2/4st Minute

OUR TEXAS HOT ASSES, ARE WARM, WET & READY FOR YOU! Phone Sex/Panties (214) 233-4512, 4517, 4519.

Heather is a 28 year old, affectionate hard body. She and her friends need to confide their romantic adventures with you at 1-900-446-6800. Only \$3.00 minute

For The Most Intimate Talk With a Beautiful Woman, Call 1-800-955-LISA 24 hours-7 Days MC/V

COLUMBUS COLLEGE CO-ED CALLS

\$1.00 per min. 7 Days A Week. 24Hrs A Day. 614-268-8300. VIMCICS/AMEX/DIN/DIS/IMC. Call Us And Help Us With Our Education.

SPECIAL INTERESTS? You Know What We Mean! 1-900-646-9700

FINGER-LICKIN HOT FUN! 1-900-HOT-TONGUE \$2/min.
YOUR FANTASY IS MY TURN-ON! Only \$2.00 per
minute. Call 1-900-446-8255 To EXCITE ME!

For The Wildest Adult Messages, Call 4-900-USA-GIRL 24 hours-7 Days \$3.50 WIN A DATE with HEATHER or a Full Size POSTER

Call 1-900-446-1010 Only \$9.95 call.

VANESSA-HOT, BLONDE & BITCHY! 212-869-8998

Allison-I LOVE TO TALK DIRTY! 305-983-4555

For The Hottest Erotic Live Phone Sex Available Anywhere! Call 1-213-651-5000 24 hours-7 Days

SENSUOUS & AGGRESSIVE—Call JACKIE 212-840-5522
TAKE A JUICY BIT OUT OF MY BIG APPLE & LICK MY SWEET
RED CHERRY, 212-242-8190 V/MC/AX, Hottest 24Hrs.

For The Most Exciting Messages, Call 1-900-820-2828. 24 Hours-7 Days \$3.50 per Call

NUMBERS 1-900-646-7300

\$2 a minute. Adults Only.

XXX RATED FANTASIES Call TRACI—212-840-1060
For Names And Telephone Numbers Of Quality

Singles, Call THE NATIONAL SINGLES CLUB. The Most Exclusive Singles Organization in America! 1-900-820-3111. \$3/minute

What's Your Pleasure? Call MICHAEL SALEM BOUTIQUE'S all new TV./FETISH HOT LINES 1-900-226-4695 \$1.95 min: \$2.95/1st min. or 212-986-1777-8

SECRET PHONE AFFAIRS 1-900-535-4200 ext. 315 \$2./per min.
SUZETTE'S DREAMLINE. BRING YOUR DREAMS TO LIFE.
OVER THE PHONE. 1-800-826-8922 Major credit cards
WANNA PLAY? 1-900-999-SUCK \$1.25 a min./\$3.95 1st min.
CARLY IS CRAZY FOR COCK!! Call 305-963-3144

1-900-HOT-BATH

\$2 min./\$4.99 1st

Lynn & Brandy - we're BAD GIRLS and we LOVE IT! 212-921-4222

Greta-BEAUTIFUL, SENSUOUS & DEMANDING 213-737-1165 EXCITING PHONE CONTACTS! Date Sexy Gals! 4-900-370-9919. \$1/1st min. 18 Yrs+.

ANGIE'S ANAL PLEASURE—1-800-322-ANAL major credit cards STRONG, SEXY & SENSUOUS! Call TINA 213-271-4249

JUICY FANTASIES

\$2 a minute. Adults Only.

To Run Your Ad Call (212) 490-0172 or (212) 986-6642

EXPERIENCE YOUR WILDEST & MOST INTIMATE SEXUAL DESIRES LIVE. MC/V 213-USA-FUCK. 24 Hours, 7 Days.

ROMANTIC INTERLUDES—LUST, PASSION and EXCITEMENT! Call 1-900-226-4400 Only \$2.00 per min. HOT SEXY PARTY LINE 1-800-444-2672 \$2/min

WANNA KNOW HOW BAD LITTLE JANIE CAN BE??
Call 212-840-5533

PHONE KINK!! STEAMY-Just the way you like it. 303-321-3920 24Hrs. V/MC

WANTED HARD COCKS, Connie 312-292-0420 Billing.
SEXY LATIN, ORIENTAL GALS SEEK MEN. Free Photos.
LATINS. Box 1716-H Chula Vista, CA 91912-1716 or
call (24hrs) 619-425-1867

TALK LIVE WITH LUSCIOUS LADIES FIND OUT HOW! NO CREDIT CARD DIAL 1-900-646-7500

\$2 a minutes. Adults Only.

For The Most Unbelievable Live 1 on 1 Uninhibited Conversation, Call 1-800-477-GIGI HOT LIVE PHONE SEXI 1-818-753-9494 Ext. 3 \$10/call

YOU'LL Make Me Wet.

Visual Phone Sex 900-741-3232 \$22/call
HOT HORNY FEMALES TALK LIVE 1-900-776-3122 \$9.95/call

HORNY COLLEGE GIRL LOVES SEX! Becky 212-840-5556

HOT LESBIAN FANTASIES 1-900-646-7100

\$2 a minute. Adults Only.

Top Men's Magazine chose me BEST LIVE PHONE SEX WOMAN IN USA. Find out why! Dusty 212-307-5570 V/MC/AE

LIVE PHONE FANTASY—1-800-544-1068. 24Hrs. Free Call Back. Credit Cards

SENSUOUS DATES—They're HOT, EROTIC, and AVAILABLE Call 1-900-226-7111. Only \$2.00 per minute.

FLORIDA GIRLS HOT!: LIVE & FRIENDLY 407-649-7100



HOT FANTASY

INDULGE YOURSELF

V-MC-AMEX CALL

(416) 924-1852



Throbbing 1-on-1 ★ Erotic Recordings ★ & More!

SHOOT YOUR LOAD WITH ME!



1-800 999-EATT

1-800 999-ORAL

Have Visa/Mastercard Ready
(Touch Tone Phones Only)

1-302 421-WETT

> Adults only. Must be 18. \$1.25 PHM, Discreetly Billed

Petite Ladies

Good Things COME In Small Packages!! 1-900-463-3343



The Petite Ladies Line

Call now for the real names and home phone numbers of petite ladies and beautiful women who want to meet you!

(\$2 a min., Adults Over 18).

BOTTOMS UP!

Only one line gives vou the real names and phone numbers of women who share your deepest passion! THE BOTTOM LINE 1-900 568-0069



\$2 each minute. You must be over 18

WHAT WILL YOU DO IF I'M BAD?



1-900

Call now to meet real women who want to know your answer. No paid operators. Just real women who need to know what you'll do if they're bad!

(\$2 g minute). Adults over 18 only.





1-900-847-7766 It's what you really want!

(Only \$2 a minute). Over 18 Only.

MARRIED? FOOL AROUND?



CALL 1-900 847-HO1

Meet Available Gals Who Share Your Special Needs!

(\$2 per minute, Over 18 Only.)

DOUBLE YOUR PLEASURE



Direct contact with hot gals looking for fun gu

\$2 per minute. Over 18 Only.



helps match up big men with slender, attractive women who adore a big belly. \$2 a min., Adults over 18.

Younger Women Seek Older Men



FOR SPECIAL TIMES TOGETHER ALL 1-900-246-6633

Many younger women are turned mature men who can give them on by older "experienced" men.
Call the line that brings sincere younger women together with of your dreams. Call now!

(Only \$2 a minute). Adults Over 18 Only Please.

TEACHER'S PET

And that's just for starters!

Give the teacher something special...

Call 1-900

(\$2 a minute). Adults over 18 only.



ONE ON ONE CONNECTIONS 1-900-568-LIVE (THAT'S 1-900-TWO DOLLARS A MINUTE, ADULTS OVER 18. 1-900-568-LIVE (THAT'S 1-900-



Real Women Confess Their Most Private Secrets. Wildest Desires & Outrageous Encounters, Secrets They Just Have To

1-900-386-HOTT

\$2 Per Min. 4 6 8 8 Women's True Confessions & Fantasies

1-900-386-KINK

\$2 Per Min. 5 Outrageous Secrets & Stories

1-900-903-D069

\$3 Per Min. Stories That Put You In Your **Favorite Position**

1-900-646-4SIN

\$2 Per Min. 4 Leshian Confessions & Stories

1-900-847-WHIP

\$2 Per Min. Women Confess Their Wildest Desires & Turn-ons!

A Live Babe To Call Your Very Own

Live 1 On 1 . S5 Per Min.

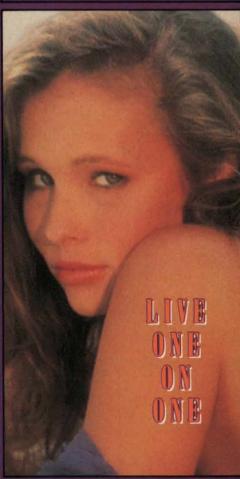
Girls, Girls, Girls • Live 1 On 1

Fantasy Stories & Confessions • 53 Per Min.

Live & Personal • 1 On 1

Secret Stories & Confessions • '5 Per Min.

Find Your Ideal Mate — Locally or Nationwide



NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED



Racquel's Private Line

246 - 9969

The Hottest Stories & Confessions

Exciting, Private & Live 1-ON-1

Minute

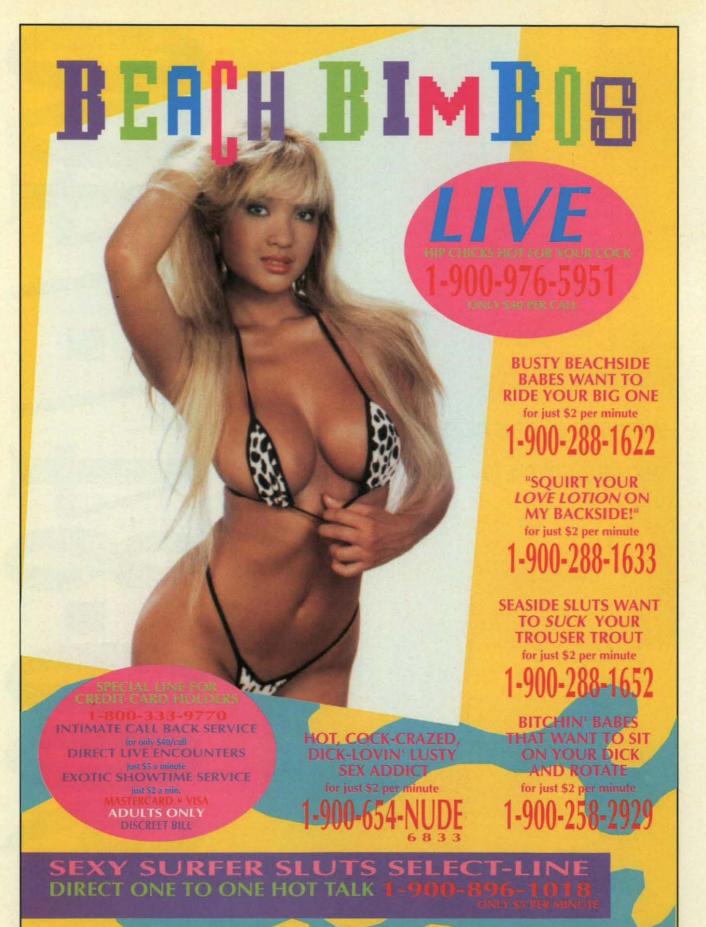
Dream Women Confess Live

1 ON 1

LIVE ONE ON ONE . PERSONAL MESSAGE EXCHANGE RECORDED FANTASIES

SWEET, SOFT, SENSITIVE AND SEXY
TALK LIVE ONE ON ONE TO A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

FREE FOR FIRST MINUTE \$3.49 each additional minute You must be 18 or older to call



TIRED OF FRIGID WOMEN LETTING YOU DOWN? LET OUR GIRLS WARM YOU UP



Call and find out where the action is!

• No Party Line
• No Credit Card

* Just
ONE ON ONE

11-900-386-3333

\$4.95 first minute

\$1.95 each additional minute

Must be 2

24 Hours

1-900-903-3939

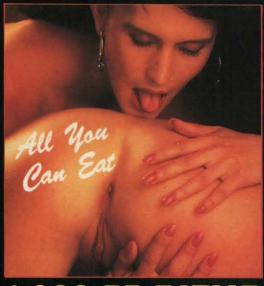
\$2.50 per minute

Adulta Only

10 migute minimum

HOT PHONE SEX & ONE ON ONE Quality Body Parts • No Lubrication Needed

We Service You 24 Hours Live.



All Sizes Available

1-800-55-EATME

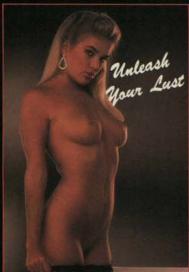
Just \$1.99 Per Minute

3 2 8 6 3

1-800-882-TITS

\$1.99 Per Minute

8 4 8 7



1-800-745-LUST

No Tool
To Big

1-800-848-SEXX

\$1.99 Per Minute

7 3 9 9

Wickedly Wild

1-800-HOT-1TO

\$3.00 Per Minute 4 6 8 1 8 6

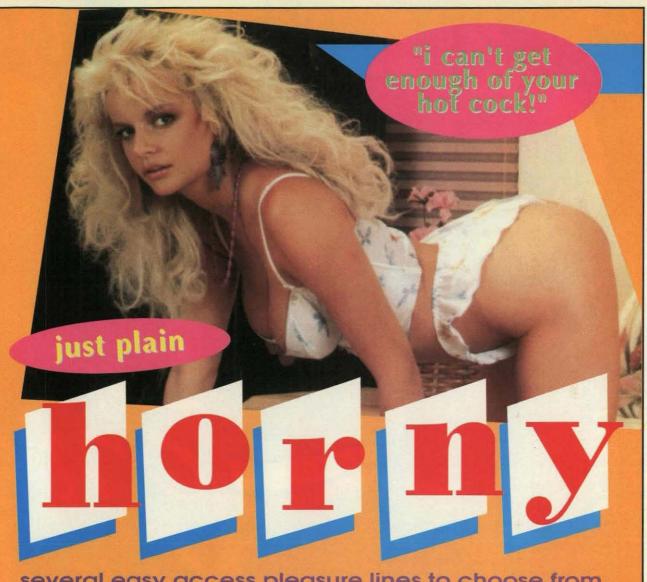
For A Tight Screw

1-800-488-WILD

\$1.99 Per Minute

9 4 5

Sexual Confessions • Erotic Stories & Much, Much More
Must Be 18 • Discreetly Billed To Visa/MC



several easy access pleasure lines to choose from

unlimited pleasure, she won't say no

just \$2/minute

nothing's too small or too large for me

just \$2/minute

take me like a dog, i'm a bitch in heat

just \$2/minute

drippin' wet, & looking for a hot mouth

just \$2/minute

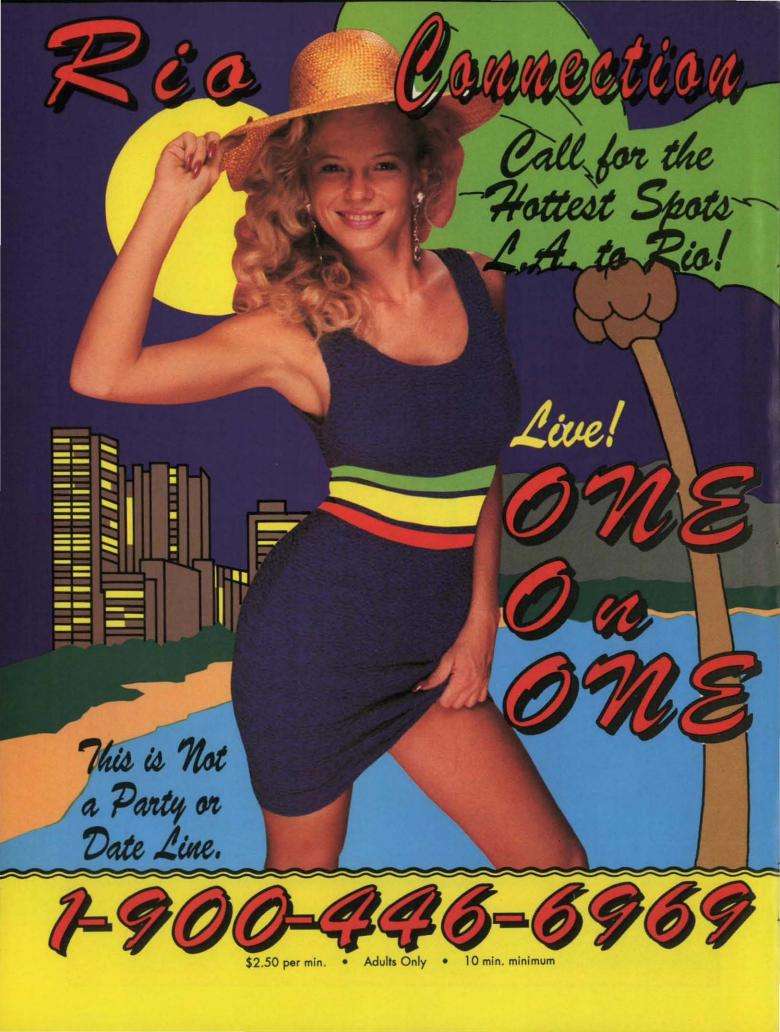
gotta have it hard and fast all night long

just 52/minute

INTIMATE HOT TALKS WITH A SWEET SUGARPUSSY WHO'S WAITING FOR YOU

direct, one to one passionate encounters with bad girls living to talk nasty with ya

EXCLUSIVE CREDIT LINE



COLLEGIATE ENCOUNTERS

1-900-976-5949

JUST S40 / CAL

hi,
I'm muffy,this is
my third year as a
freshman, and I'm
studying to be a
pediatrician cause I
love animals.

I may be blonde and stuple but I got big tits, now let me tell you what I do know.

1-900-288-1620

for only \$2/minute

I went to an all-girls school and I'm horny as hell for a hot cock, let me tell you what I'll do to yours

1-900-654-QRAL

lor only \$ 7 /minute

Let me tell you all about my cheerleader experiences in the boy's locker room

1-900-288-1631 1-900-258-2727

for only \$2/minute

Call me at my dorm tonight after curfew for a special sexy bedtime story

1-900-288-1650

for only \$2/minute

direct connection, one to one encounters 1-900-896-1016

EXCLUSIVE CREDIT LINE FOR MASTER CARD AND VISA HOLDERS

DISCHEET CALL BACK SERVICE \$40/CALL TO ONE TO ONE ENCOUNTERS SEMINUTE TEROTIC SHOWTIME SEMINUTE







BRAND NEW!

DOCTOR DEVELOPED!

NO CREMES NO CONDOMS!

New, doctor-developed device ensures that you climax only when you want to! Almost invisible — does not interfere with foreplay or sex in any way! COMPLETELY SAFE!

-DELAYS EJACULATION -FI FXIRI F

INDIVIDUALLY ADJUSTABLE



• STROKE AS LONG AS YOU WANT!
• EXTEND ECSTATIC SENSATIONS!
• EASILY ATTAIN MUTUAL CLIMAX!

CONTROL-X, Section 2 14126 Sherman Way, Suite 574 Van Nuys, CA 91405-2419

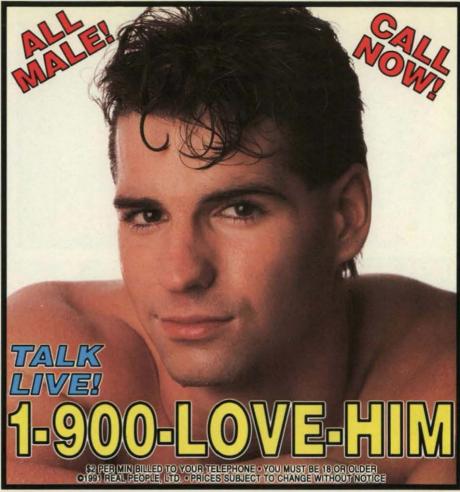


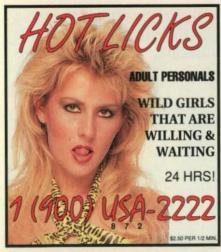
GKS WITH DUG SEND JUST \$15 EARNEST MONEY WITH YOUR OR-DER. WE'LL RUSH YOUR 2 HOUR TAPE . . . AND A \$15 CASH COUPON TO SPEND ON OUR GREAT, LAVISH SE-LECTION OF EXPLICIT VIDEOS! ORDER JUST ONCE AND THIS SIZZLING

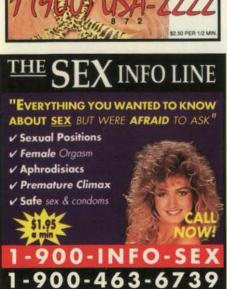
HOMESCREEN PRODUCTS Dept. 2 13624 Sherman Way, #604 • Van Nuys, CA 91404





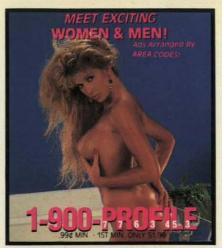










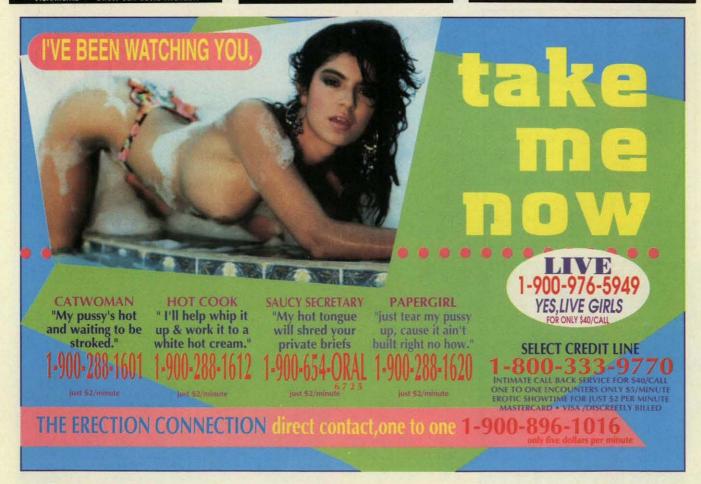


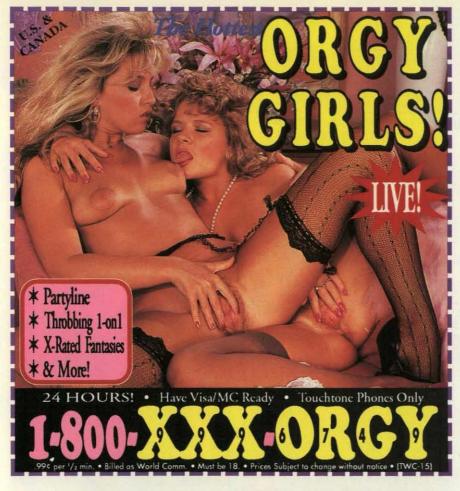


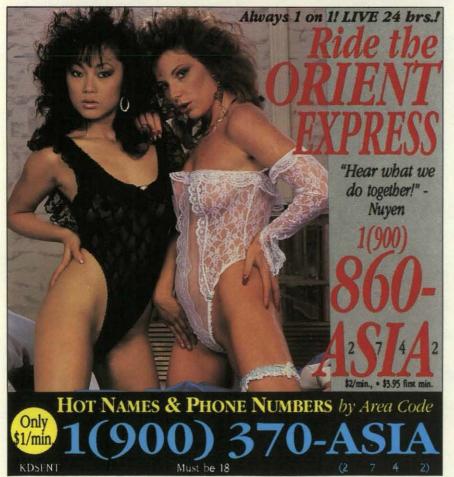














THE MAILBAG

For rates send S.A.S.E. to Mailbag, 279 S. Beverly Dr., # 1196, Beverly Hills, CA 90212

TRANSEXUALS-TRANSVESTITES 992Min, \$25First 1-900-999-TV-TS

BLACK MISTRESS RAVEN WILL HAVE YOU BEGGING FOR MORE!! CALL NOW! 415-641-7925. V/MC/AE CUM SHOOTING PHONE SEX!

We're friendly, hot & so horny! \$14 Credit Cards SUE or CANDY (415) 441-7832, 2 Girls \$25.

\$13 BAD BOYS 24 HRS LIVE PUNISHMENT! 415-621-6334 Fetishes. X-Dress 5 Call/1 Free VMA

1-900-234-BI-BI \$1.50/Min.

KINKY FONE SLUT/UNTAMED FANTASIES WIERDOS WELCUM \$13.50 415-261-1720

Friendly, Personal & Unhurried (415) 665-5216 Linda's Live 24 HRS V/MC/AE

PARTYLINE 1-900-999-4-PLAY \$1.50/Min.

DEB'S EXTRA STRENGTH PHONE SEX \$15 per call. Packs a wallop! 1-415-931-8421

CHICAGO'S FINEST PHONE SEX!! All Fantasies! All Fetishes! 1-312-878-9640, Credit Cards

1-800-766-BI-69

98¢/½ Min. Billed to your V/MC as Eagle Telco

SEXHIBITIONIST WIFE'S HOMEMADE VIDEOS, PHOTOS! X-Sample \$2 Karin, Box 538-H, Island Lake, Il 60042

\$12 HOLLYWOOD CUNTS "LIVE" 213-660-3825 -V/MC/AE-\$12 WILD COEDS "LIVE" 213-294-CUMM NO CREDIT CARD \$1.99/Min. 1-213-957-0316

NATASHA'S NASTY FANTASIES 1-800-533-2820 MC/V/AE 1-800-732-0113

EROTIC PLEASURES LIVE AND UNCENSORED 24 HRS. 1-800-882-4295 V/MC

1-900-234-SWING \$1.50/Min.

BACK ALLEY GIRLS. \$1/Min. - \$2/1st 1-900-568-0900

MISTRESS ELENA KNOWS WHAT YOU NEED! CALL NOW! 415-282-7744 Credit Cards

24 HRS, 1-900-96-3SOME 99¢Min.

12 min. 1-900-820-DUCK (or is it?)

1-900-999-HUTT FEEL THE HEAT!! \$1.50/Min.

REMEMBER FREE PHONE FUCK? We'te 702-871-4882

1-900-999-BI-BI St. 50/Min. BI-SEXUAL BULLETIN BOARD BI-SEXUAL PARTYLINE!!

CALIFORNIA VALLEY GIRLS! YOUNG, BEAUTIFUL & SO HOT! 2/Color Photo's \$3, set of 10—\$15. 1 hr. Video \$40. To: C.V.G., P.O. Box 3800-245, Dept. 2, Burbank, CA 91508

\$13 415-621-1187 V/MC/AE 24 HRS LIVE! 5 Calls/1 Free! Pepper, Shane, Hope. Direct Call Back.

#1 HOT LIVE GIRLS 1-800-66-NASTY 1-800-955-4SEX MY GIRLFRIEND'S GONE & I'M HORNY STRAIGHT-GAY-BI

1-800-677-MENN 99c//2 Min. Billed to MC/V as 4600, Inc.

EROTIC PLEASURES "COME WITH ME"
LIVE 24 HR. HOT LINE!!!!
EXPERIENCE THE FANTASY NOW

614-899-7399 \$1.00/min.

1-900-999-4KIX

\$2.00/Min. Billed as 4600, Inc.

OUR TEXAS HOT ASSES ARE WARM & WET Phone/Panties! (214) 233-4512, 233-4517, & 233-4519

1-800-955-4PLAY
99¢/½ Min. Billed to MC/V as Tiger Telnet

CANDIE'S KINKY CALLS! ANYTHING GOES! \$13.50 CREDIT CARDS., DIR. CALL 602-963-8888.

1-900-999-4444 st.50/Min.

KIM'S PHONE. Friendly & Fun!! Why Not! \$15 for 12 Min. Call 1-415-567-4581

WET CALIFORNIA GIRLS 24 HRS. 1-800-388-6677 MCV/S1.99/Min. \$2.50/1st Min.

1-900-370-9919 — DATE SEXY LADIES! \$1 Min. 1-900-420-6370. WILD CONFESSIONS! \$2 Min.

SEXY LADIES PAY YOU for your special services!! Fun & Cash! Exciting details \$2. Special Services, Box 100046-H, Pt. Lauderdale, FL 23310 or Call 1-900-860-9197 \$2/min.

1-900-988-6900 s

TALK LIVE-HOT ACTION
TRANSVESTITES-TRANSEXUALS-CROSSDRESSERS

1-800-753-TV-TS
99¢/½ Min. Billed to MC/V as Naday Network

BITCH BITCH BITCH!!

Phone fantasies with the world's cruelest women 1-415-567-3112 V/MC/AE \$19.95 for 15 min.

DREAM GIRLS 1-800-933-3534 1-900-226-2286 \$10/CALL

HOT NAUGHTY COEDS
WANT TO TALK LIVE!
CALL 1-900-RUN-WILD!
ONLY \$5.00 CALL NOW!

SWEET SENSATIONS Wet Pussy. Always Ready. Always Live.

1-900-446-4006 \$15/call GET YOUR DICK WET TONIGHT! ASK ME HOW. CALL NINA 1-900-321-3333

1-900-999-BABE \$1.50/Min.

HOT BLACK BEAUTY GIVES GOOD PHONE! Call Ruby 415-584-1140. \$14. Credit Cards

1-800-888-HUNK

If you're a man with a big, hard cock who wants a sexy little bitch who likes it long and slow...

call me, Sally.

305983-4699

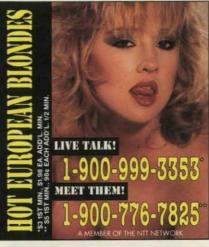
DIRECT CALL-BACKS
MAJOR CREDIT CARDS

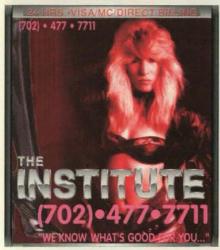






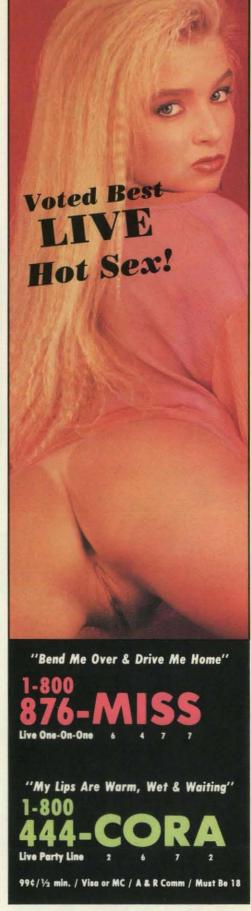
























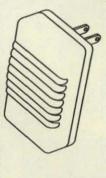


Just plug in and turn on!

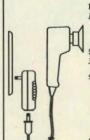
humdinger"

The Humdinger massager modulator modifies the power to your vibrator to create an amazing new sensation.

amazing new sensation. Instead of a continuous hum, the vibrations come in bursts, about eight bursts per second, at the frequency of a slow alpha wave. You still have the high and low speeds most plug-in vibrators have, but the power is being switched on and off rapidly. Try flipping your vibrator switch off and on as fast as you can and you'll get an idea of the effect. Users report attaining unusual states of transcendent ecstasy.



Order yours today!



Humdinger™

Massager Modulator \$19.95

with 2-speed vibrator \$39.95

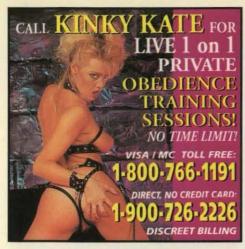
Slick System™
3 assorted lubricants \$19.95

Send Check or Money Order to:

RESPONSE TECHNOLOGIES

2550 Shattuck Avenue #75 Berkeley, CA 94704

PROMPT REFUND IF NOT SATISFIED



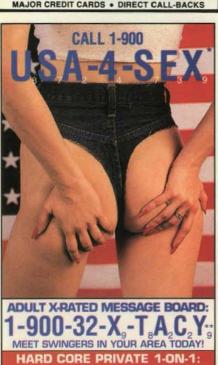












USA'S ADULT PARTY LINE:

1-800-48-T.R

We Want To Suck You Off!

I'm a wet, nasty girl that loves to suck. Call me or my friends for hot, juicy climaxes 24 Hours a day!

LIVE SEX CONFERENCE

(800) 755-SUCK

PRIVATE 1 ON 1 KINK

00) 48-TRAMP

9¢ PER HALF MIN. MC/VISA 8 7 2 6 7 ADULT PARTY LINE

XXX-RATED LIVE PRIVATE 1 ON 1

Hot Adult Messages (900) 872-7700

14.99 PER CALL 872 Swingers Party Line (900) 999-2400 99¢ PER 1/2 MIN BILLED TO YOUR PHONE N.T.T. P.O. Box 4457 • Scottsdale • AZ • 85261



WILL FREAK

YOU OUT!!!

MY FANTASIES Roxanne

1-900-46-FREAK

ABSOLUTELY BIZARRE





CANDID CHEERLEADERS

Unposed color shots of real cheerleaders in action.

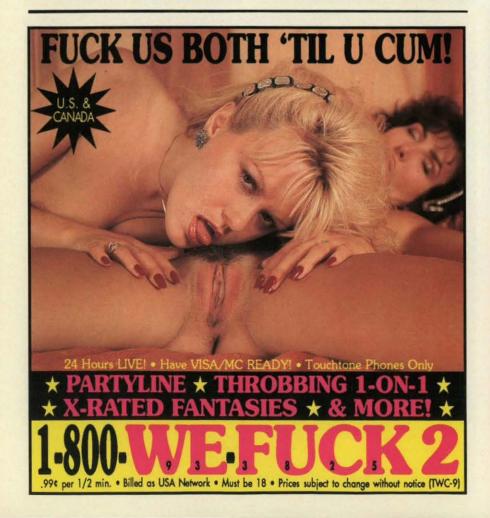
Sample \$3 Set \$11 Action Video \$29

P.O. Box 29557 Denver, CO 80229





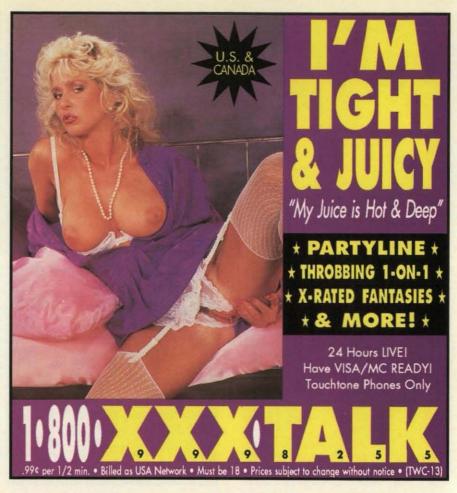












CALL THE USA'S HOTTEST ADULT MESSAGES 1-900-U,S,A,-6900*



DON'T FORGET TO CALL OUR MAIN #: 1-900-U.S.A.-6900*



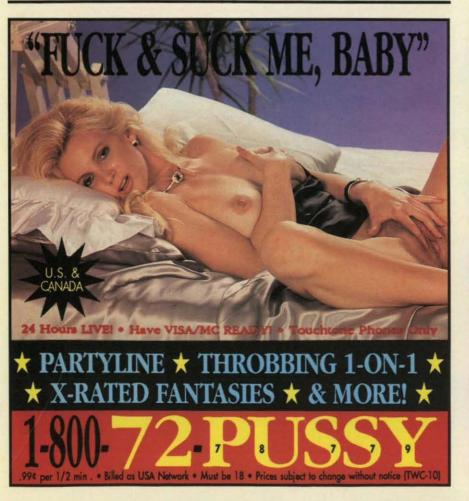




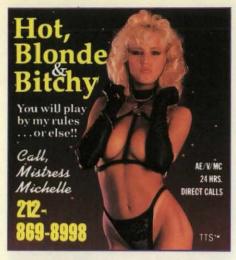


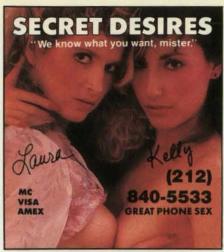


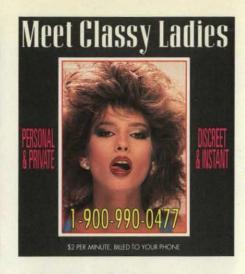








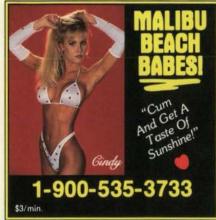




















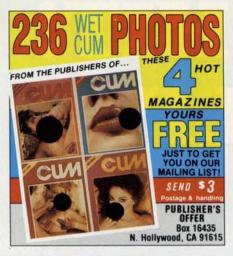




NO BULLSHIT! 1-800-988-LIVE

(1-800-988-5483)

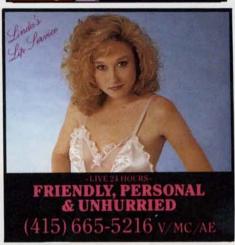




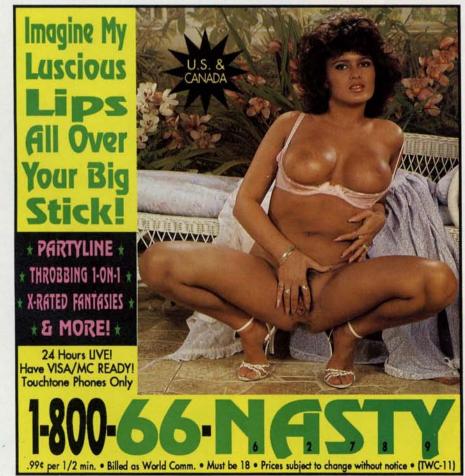








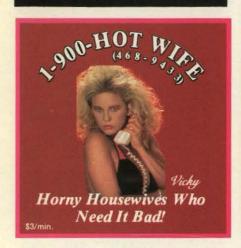


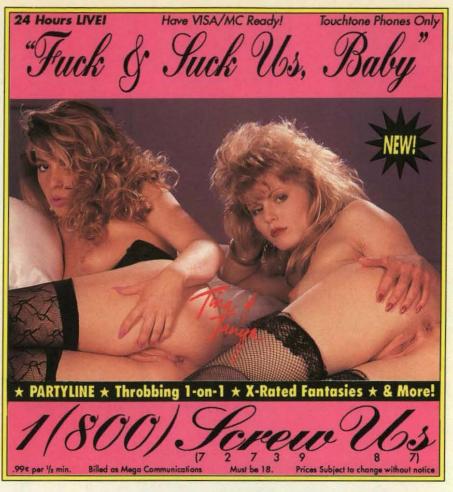






PARTY GIRLS! SEXY TALK!
1-213-929-2282
VISA-M/C-DIRECT BILLING \$13
DEMANDING, AGGRESSIVE, WOMEN!
1-213-929-0118
SEXY CONFESSIONS!
1-900-226-0910







bedroom babes

"come into my room and let me tuck you in, I'm nice and tight"

SAUCY SECRETS TO KEEP YOU UP 1-900-288-1601

BOUNCY BEDTIME BABES 1-900-288-1612

SEXY TALK FOR SWEET DREAMS 1-900-288-1620

DREAMY DISCOURSE 1-900-654-6725

all above numbers just two dollars a minute

"Give it to me rough,I want to hear your headboards banging against the wall!"

DIRECT ENCOUNTER WITH ONE ON ONE HOT TALK
ONLY \$5/MINUTE

1-900-896-1016

LIVE 1-900-976-5949

for just \$40 per call talk with a hot and horny girl walting to give you a bedtime story

exclusive credit card line

intimate call back service for only \$40/call direct contact, hot talk at just \$5/min. exotic showtime service, just \$2/min.

1-800-333-9770

adults only *discreet

Jeff Stryker's How to Enlar

Enlarge your PENIS to its Maximum Potential!

Jeff Stryker, America's No. 1 adult video star. shows you in his brand new video and magazine how he pumps up to a bigger, harder and thicker penis. Watch Jeff as he demonstrates step by step his penis power building techniques and tells you everything you need to know to increase your penis length and diameter.

Here is why Jeff Stryker's penis enlargement method can work for you.

Your erection and increase in penis size is caused by the flow of blood through the many blood vessels of the caverns, a spongy substance of the penis. The penis pump allows the caverns of your penis to expand, permitting blood to fill the caverns which causes the penis to grow and become erect.

You do this by inserting the penis into the pump's clear cylinder (you actually watch your penis grow). Erect measurements up to 12 inches!

Your penis grows larger and firmer more than you ever dreamed possible!



Jeff Stryker's Penis **Enlargement Video** \$19.95



World's Best Selling Penis Developer Only \$29.95

ACT NOW if you are interested in penis enlargement. Take advantage of this special offer NOW!

Jeff Stryker with his video and magazine will guide you every step of the way to a longer. harder and thicker penis.

Caution: DO NOT accept a cheap substitute. This is the only video and magazine featuring and authorized by JEFF STRYKER Magazine and Pump \$35 Video and Pump \$40

Video, Magazine and Pump \$45

NU-STAR PRODUCTS Dept. 110H Box 1381 Studio City, CA 91614

- ☐ Video, Magazine and Pump \$45
- ☐ Video and Pump \$40
- ☐ Magazine and Pump
- ☐ Video \$19.95 ☐ Magazine \$14.95 ☐ Heavy Duty Deluxe Pump \$29.95
- Add \$5 Shipping Rush Service \$2

ADDRESS

CITY/STATE/ZIP .





ADD \$2 POSTAGE RUSH SERVICE \$1

Box 3572

Van Nuys, CA 91417

Our Kinkiest, Wilde Video Scenes to belive it! DINING ON PU SUCKING MY OWN BI-SEXUAL COCKSUCKERS

Plus dozens more of the strangest, most unusual sex you have ever watched!

COMPLETE COLLECTION ONLY \$12 PLUS \$3 POSTAGE
UVHS DBETA DADD \$2 RUSH SERVICE

KNIGHT SALES Dept. 110H BOX 3492, VAN NUYS, CA 91417



SPECIAL OFFER!

Send half now and pay the balance only when you are completely satisfied.

- The regular NU-TRIUMPH 100 add up to 3 inches. Guaranteed addition 2 inches... \$20. Send \$10 now and balance when you are satisfied.
 - The Super NU-TRIUMPH 100 (Custom heavy duty design) Add up to 4 inches. Guaranteed addition 3 inches... \$30. Send \$15 now and balance when you are

SATISFY YOURSELF. SATISFY YOUR SEX PARTNER, END SEXUAL FRUSTRATION AND DISAPPOINTMENT FOREVER!

PUBLISHERS PROMOTION

EW CUSTOMERS

NO PURCHASE

☐ ASS FUCKED

☐ THE ZOO SLUT GIANT CLITS

ENCLOSE \$3 POSTAGE

■ 24 HOUR SERVICE — ADD \$2

☐ PLAYGROUND BABE

BLACKS AND BLONDES

☐ BIKER GANG BANG ☐ FIRST MASTURBATION Pick any five magazines free. Enclose \$3 postage. Your order will be rushed to you with our giant discount catalog.

NU-TRIUMPH - ROOM 1105 Dept. 110H Box 7020, Tarzana, CA 91356



Why are these girls so happy ? Because they know you'll be watching them suck and fuck our biggest collection of superstuds with supercocks.

100 for \$10 200 for \$15

☐ VHS ☐ BETA \$3 Postage • \$2 Rush Service

ACTION SALES Dept. 110H BOX 1560 STUDIO CITY, CA 91614



140 - \$12 add \$3 shipping rush service \$2 HOME LABS Dept. 110H BOX 1426 NO. HOLLYWOOD, CA 91614

SPANISH LIQUID FOR HIM

Just a drop or two will make your cock hot and ready to satisfy your partner for as long as you wish.

SPANISH LIQUID FOR HER

FOR

HIM

HIM \$5 D FOR HER \$7

FOR

DD 83 SHIPPING \$2 RUSH SERVICE

ACIA SUPPLIES Dept. 110H BOX 1381 STUDIO CITY, CA. 91614

Real family swingers, nasty neighbors, sorority sisters, hot housewives, sucking secretaries, nympho nurses and wild waitresses having the wildest, kinkiest sex you will ever watch!

Wall to wall - No filler 300 Individual Hardcore Sex Scenes Only \$20



Billy comes to Mrs. Jones' house for a



3-way swingers try a double pen for the first time.



Judy likes to watch Jimmy fuck her tight DUSSY.



Lori likes her first finger fuck.



A campus cutie gives the freshman his first blowjob.



Cindy sees her first boner and knows



Middle-aged businessman has his way with a



I made this video so you can watch me suck



Johnny gets double head from the girls down the

PRIVATE PUBLICATIONS

Box 3572 Dept. 110H Van Nuys, CA 91407

name and address.

☐ SUMMER CAMP WHORE ☐ DADDY'S DOLL

CLASSROOM SLUT

☐ WET SHOTS

CUM EATERS

T FAMILY FUN

I JUNGLE SEX

T VIRGIN CHERRY

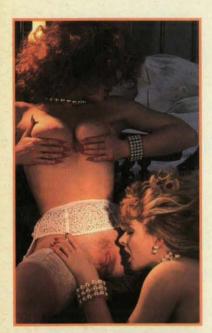
50 FOR \$10

150 FOR \$15 ALL 300 VIDEOS \$20 UNS BETA

postage \$4 rush service \$2 BOX 3562, VAN NUYS, CA 91417

HUSTLER

November HUSTLER on sale September 3, 1991



FIVE IN THE BUSH

A bird in the hand? November's HUSTLER comes up with a fistful. A pair of golden tits meets the bakin'-brown body of a pink-wrapped sunbather on a tropical isle; patriotism takes a turn for the wetter as a buzz-blond bombshell liberates her pro-American cunt; two fiery redheads in lacy silk stockings rub powdered flesh till sparks ignite; a stiff suit on a business trip mounts a hard business campaign on a leather-laden biker girl; and legendary raunch diva Jeanna Fine bends over backward. It's there for the taking.

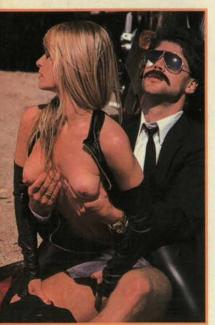


Whether it's a cult of legal terrorists or a group of courageous men and women working to expose the truth depends on who's describing the Christic Institute. The guiding force behind a dozen controversial court cases, including Karen Silkwood's winning lawsuit against Kerr-McGee Nuclear Corporation, the Christic Institute has more enemies than friends. Writer Sarah Kate reveals the truth behind the truthseekers in *The Christic Mystique*, a look at a public-interest law firm that does its business on the cutting edge.



FINE TIME

Nobody gives a blowjob like Jeanna Fine. This girl is deep. "No gag reflex," explains fuck films' greatest oral fixation in Shameless Hussy: Jeanna Talks, porn scribe Christian Shapiro's hard-hitting Q&A. How to deepthroat, how to clean a fuck toy and what to do with Grand Marnier on one side and chocolate mousse on the other are a few topics covered by La Fine in the most probing verbal erotica of the year.



UP AND AT 'EM

Do women have to eat pussy to satisfy a '90s man? Take heart, ladies. November's Sex Play brings you "AC/DC Menu," a course guide for the sexually liberated '90s female, by fuckologist Jorie Rose; Hot Letters stains pages with a dripping load of scalding confessions; Beaver Hunt invites the best of the block to stick around awhile; Erotic Entertainment blows the lid off home entertainment; and Bits & Pieces proves that laughter and nakedness go hand in hand. All in HUSTLER in November. Grab one.







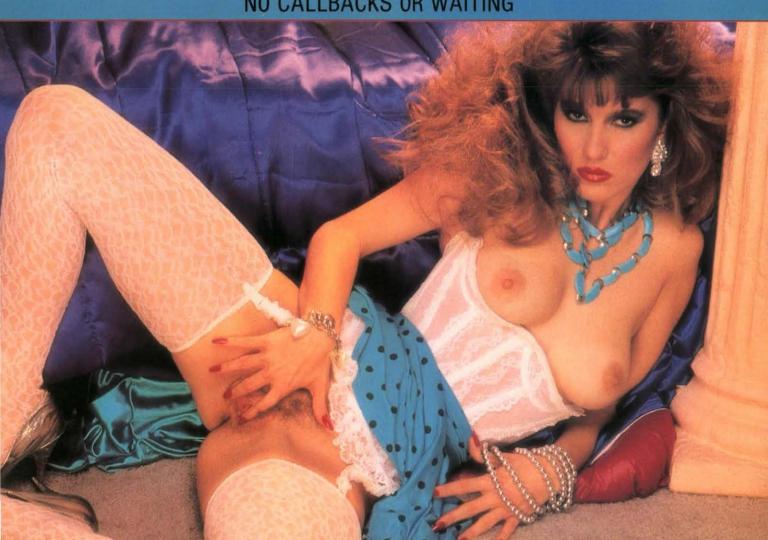
LIVE!

- * PRIVATE ONE-ON-ONE
- * LIVE GROUP ACTION
- * SIZZLING FANTASIES

IT'S TOLL FREE!

1-800-955 5600

VISA/MASTERCARD • ALWAYS OPEN NO CALLBACKS OR WAITING





PRIVATE ONE-ON-ONE

DOUBLE GIRL ACTION

24-110UR LIVE ACTION

IT'S TOLL FREE! 1-800-999-6117

NO CALLBACKS or WAITING!
OPEN 24 HOURS a DAY - 7 Days a Week!
MOST MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED!

SPECIAL MEMBERSHIP RATES